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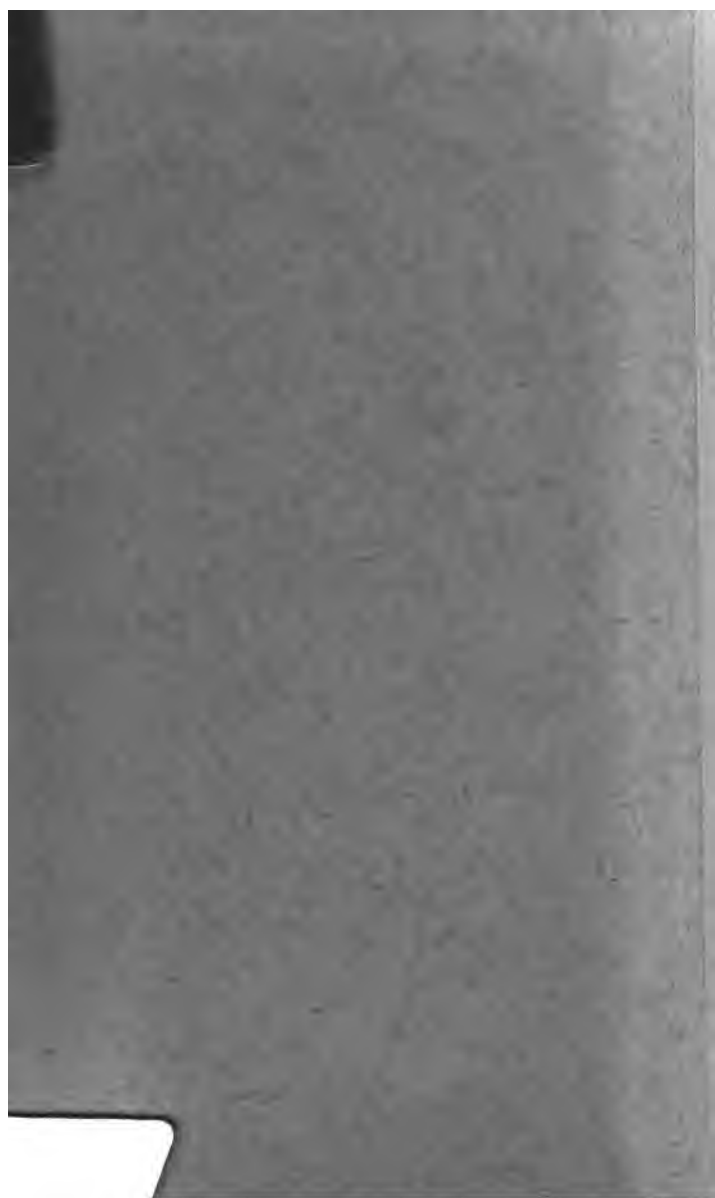
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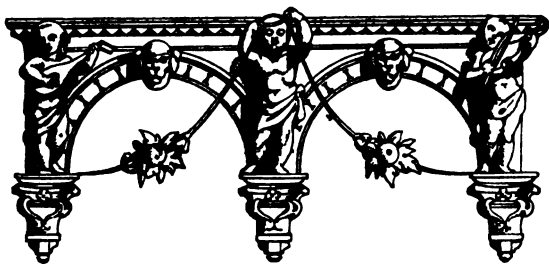
Christmas

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# Christmas Tyde.

A SERIES

OF SACRED SONGS AND POETICAL PIECES,  
SUITED TO THE SEASON.



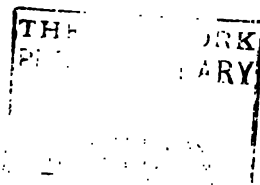
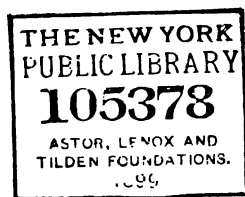




# Christmas Hyde.



LONDON  
WILLIAM PICKERING  
1849



ROY WIL  
CLUB  
FRANK



TO  
DAME EMMA DOROTHEA,  
WIFE OF  
SIR FRANCIS ASTLEY, BART.

*These Memorials of Christmas*

ARE PRESENTED,  
IN REMEMBRANCE OF HER LOVE FOR SUCH HALLOWED THEMES  
AND HER APPRECIATIVE ENJOYMENT OF  
CHRISTIAN ART.







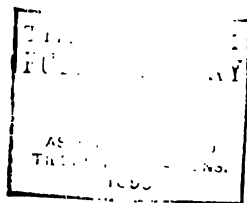
## Christmas Tyde:

For unto us a child is born,  
Unto us a son is given :  
And the government shall be  
Upon his shoulder :  
And his name shall be called  
Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God,  
The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace.

*Isaiah. ix. 6.*

The Word was made flesh,  
And dwelt among us,  
And we beheld his glory,  
The glory as of the only begotten of the Father,  
Full of grace and truth.

*St. John. i. 14.*





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## Invocation.

“To God the Sonne.”

**G**REAT Sonne of God, but borne the sonne  
of man,  
One subject of a double substance fram'd:  
wherein nor man-hood lost, nor god-  
head wun

But of them both at once one Christ was nam'd  
Before all times begot, in time created,

The Lord of Lords, a servant form retaining,  
And yet no former forme thereby abated:

In servants forme, the forme of God remaining.  
Great Sonn of God, then whom there is no greater

No not the Father in His great divinitie,  
As God creator and as man a creature:

(For more and lesse, agree not in infinity.)  
Teach me to know how man by God assumed  
Is both, and yet not man by God consumed.

*William Leighton.*





## Introduction.

### I.



HE birth of Him that no beginning knewe,  
Yet gives beginning to all that are  
borne,  
And how the Infinite farre greater grewe,  
By growing lesse, and how the rising Morne,  
That shot from heav'n, did back to heaven retourne,  
The obsequies of Him that could not die,  
And death of life, ende of eternitie,  
How worthily He died, that died unworthily ;

How God, and Man did both embrace each other,  
Met in one person, heav'n, and earth did kifs,  
And how a Virgin did become a Mother,  
And bare that Sonne, who the worlds Father is,  
And Maker of His mother, and how Blifs  
Descended from the bosome of the High,  
To cloath Himselfe in naked miserie,  
Sayling at length to heav'n, in earth, triumphantly,

Is the first flame, wherewith my whiter Muse  
 Doth burne in heavenly love, such love to te  
 O Thou that didst this holy fire infuse,  
 And taught'st this brest, but late the grave of  
 Wherein a blind, and dead heart liv'd, to sw  
 With better thoughts, send downe thofelights that  
 Knowledge, how to begin, and how to end  
 The love, that never was, nor ever can be pend  
*Giles Fletche*

## II.



EGINNE from first, where He encra  
 was  
 In simple cratch, wrapt in a Wa  
 Hay  
 Betweene the toylfull Oxe and humble Ass,  
 And in what Rags, and in how base Aray,  
 The Glory of our heavenly Riches lay,  
 When Him the silly Shepheards came to see,  
 Whom greatest Princes sought on lowest Knee.  
*Edmund Spense*

## III.



ET me tell thee a strange storie.  
 The God of power, as He did ride  
 In His majestick robes of glorie,  
 Resolv'd to light; and so one da  
 He did descend, undressing all the way.  
 The starres His tire of light and rings obtain  
 The clouds His bow, the fire His spear,

e sky His azure mantle gain'd.  
 And when they ask'd, what He would wear ;  
 smil'd, and said as He did go,  
 had new clothes a making here below.

*George Herbert.*



## IV.

ne miserable estate of the World be-  
 fore the Incarnation of God."

**H**E Griefe was common, common were  
 the Cryes,  
 Tears, Sobbes, and Groanes of that af-  
 flicted Traine,  
 uch of Gods chosen did the Summe containe,  
 Earth rebounded with them, pierc'd were Skies ;  
 good had left the World, each Vice did raigne,  
 : most hideous shapes Hell could devise,  
 d all degrees, and each Estate did staine,  
 urther had to goe, whom to surprize :  
 e World beneath the Prince of Darknesse lay,  
 ery Phane who had himself install'd,  
 acrific'd unto, by Prayers call'd,  
 sponſes gave, which, Fooles, they did obey :  
 When pitying Man, God of a Virgines wombe  
 Was borne, and thoſe falſe Deities ſtrookedombe.

*William Drummond.*

v.



ON Mans behalf  
 Patron or Intercessor none appeerd,  
 Much less that durst upon his own head  
 draw

The deadly forfeiture, and ransom set.  
 And now without redemption all mankind  
 Must have bin lost, adjudg'd to Death and Hell  
 By doom severe, had not the Son of God,  
 In whom the fulness dwels of love divine,  
 His dearest mediation thus renewd.

Father, Thy word is past, man shall find grace ;  
 And shall grace not find means, that finds her way,  
 The speediest of Thy winged messengers,  
 To visit all Thy creatures, and to all  
 Comes unprevented, unimplor'd, unfought,  
 Happie for man, so coming ; he her aide  
 Can never seek, once dead in sins and lost ;  
 Attonement for himself or offering meet,  
 Indebted and undon, hath none to bring :  
 Behold Mee then, Mee for him, life for life  
 I offer, on Mee let Thine anger fall ;  
 Account Mee man ; I for his sake will leave  
 Thy bosom, and this glory next to Thee  
 Freely put off, and for him lastly die  
 Well pleas'd, on Me let Death wreak all his rage ;  
 Under his gloomie power I shall not long  
 Lie vanquish't ; Thou hast givn Me to possess

n My self for ever, by Thee I live,  
gh now to Death I yeild, and am his due  
at of Me can die, yet that debt paid,  
t wilt not leave Me in the loathsom grave  
rey, nor suffer My unspotted Soule  
ver with corruption there to dwell ;  
shall rise Victorious, and subdue  
Vanquisher, spoild of his vanted spoile ;  
h his deaths wound shall then receive, and stoop  
rious, of his mortall sting disarm'd.  
ough the ample Air in Triumph high  
lead Hell Captive maugre Hell, and show  
powers of darknes bound. Thou, at the fight  
'd, out of Heaven shalt look down and smile,  
e by Thee rais'd I ruin all My foes,  
h last, and with his carcass glut the Grave :  
t with the multitude of My redeem'd  
enter Heaven long absent, and returne,  
r, to see Thy face, wherein no cloud  
ger shall remain, but peace assur'd,  
reconcilement ; wrauth shall be no more  
iceforth, but in Thy presence Joy entire.

words here ended, but His meek aspect  
t yet spake, and breath'd immortal love  
nortal men, above which only shon  
obedience : as a sacrifice  
to be offer'd, He attends the will  
his great Father. Admiration seiz'd  
Heav'n, what this might mean, and whither tend



Wondring ; but soon th' Almighty thus reply'd :  
O Thou in Heav'n and Earth the only peace  
Found out for mankind under wrath, O Thou  
My sole complacence ! well Thou know'st how dear,  
To Me are all My works, nor Man the least  
Though last created, that for him I spare  
Thee from My bosom and right hand, to save,  
By losing Thee a while, the whole Race lost.  
Thou therefore whom Thou only canst redeem,  
Thir Nature also to Thy Nature joine ;  
And be Thyself Man among men on Earth,  
Made flesh, when time shall be, of Virgin seed,  
By wondrous birth : be Thou in Adams room  
The Head of all mankind, though Adams Son.  
As in him perish all men, so in Thee  
As from a second root, shall be restor'd,  
As many as are restor'd, without Thee none.  
His crime makes guiltie all his Sons, Thy merit  
Imputed shall absolve them who renounce  
Thir own both righteous and unrighteous deeds,  
And live in Thee transplanted, and from Thee  
Receive new life. So Man, as is most just,  
Shall satisfy for Man, be judg'd and die,  
And dying rise, and rising with Him raise  
His Brethren, ransom'd with His own dear life.  
So Heav'nly love shall outdoo Hellish hate,  
Giving to death, and dying to redeem,  
So dearly to redeem what Hellish hate  
So easily destroy'd, and still destroyes  
In those who, when they may, accept not grace.

shalt Thou by descending to assume  
 Nature lessen or degrade Thine owne.  
 For Thou hast, though Thron'd in highest bliss  
 to God, and equally enjoying  
 like fruition, quitted all to save  
 the world from utter loss, and hast been found  
 to merit more then Birthright Son of God,  
 more worthiest to be so by being Good,  
 more then Great or High ; because in Thee  
 hath abounded more then Glory abounds,  
 before Thy Humiliation shall exalt  
 Thee Thy Manhood also to this Throne ;  
 shalt Thou sit incarnate, here shalt Reigne  
 God and Man, Son both of God and Man,  
 crowned universal King ; all Power  
 Thee, reign for ever, and assume  
 all Merits ; under Thee as Head Supream  
 all Princes, Princedoms, Powers, Dominions, I reduce :  
 all knees to Thee shall bow, of them that bide  
 above, or Earth, or under Earth in Hell ;  
 Thou attended gloriously from Heav'n  
 down the skie appeer, and from Thee send  
 summoning Arch-Angels to proclaime  
 the great Tribunal : forthwith from all Windes  
 coming, and forthwith the cited dead  
 past Ages, to the general Doom  
 shall be raised, such a peal shall rouse thir sleep.  
 all Thy saints assembl'd, Thou shalt judge  
 men and Angels, they arraigned shall sink  
 under Thy Sentence ; Hell, her numbers full,

Thenceforth shall be for ever shut. Mean while  
 The World shall burn, and from her ashes spring  
 New Heav'n and Earth, wherein the just shall dw  
 And after all thir tribulations long  
 See golden days, fruitful of golden deeds,  
 With Joy and Love triumphing, and fair Truth.  
 Then Thou Thy regal Scepter shalt lay by,  
 For regal Scepter then no more shall need,  
 God shall be All in All. But all ye Gods,  
 Adore Him, who to compas all this dies,  
 Adore the Son, and honour Him as Mee.

*John Milton*

VI.

**B**ELOW the Botome of the great Abyſ  
 There where one Center reconciles a  
 things ;  
 The worlds profound Heart pants; Th  
 placed is  
 Mischiefs old Maſter, cloſe about him clings  
 A curl'd knot of embracing Snakes, that kiſſe  
 His correſpondent cheekes : theſe loathſome ſtri  
 Hold the perverſe Prince in eternall Ties  
 Faſt bound, ſince firſt he forfeited the ſkies.

The judge of Torments, and the King of Teares,  
 He fills a burniſht Throne of quenchleſſe fire :  
 And for his old faire Roabes of Light, he weares  
 A gloomy Mantle of darke flames, the Tire  
 That crownes his hated head on high appears ;  
 Where ſeav'n tall Hornes (his Empires pride) aſpi

And to make up Hells Majesty, each Horne  
 eav'n crested Hydras horribly adorne.

yes, the fullen dens of Death and Night,  
 tle the dull Ayre with a difmall red :  
 is fell glances as the fatall Light  
 staring Comets, that looke Kingdomes dead.  
 his black nostrills, and blew lips, in spight  
 Hells owne stinke, a worfer stench is spread.  
 eath Hells lightning is : and each deepe groane  
 nes to thinke that Heav'n Thunders alone.

oming Eyes dire exhalation,  
 o a dreadfull pile gives fiery Breath ;  
 : unconsum'd consumption preys upon  
 : never-dying Life of a long Death.  
 : sad House of slow Destruction,  
 s shop of flames) hee fryes himself beneath  
 le of woes, his Teeth for Torment gnash,  
 his steele sides sound with his Tayles strong lash.

Rigourous Virgins waiting still behind,  
 ft the Throne of th' Iron-sceptred King.  
 whips of Thornes and knotty vipers twin'd  
 y rouse him, when his ranke thoughts need a sting.  
 lockes are beds of uncomb'd snakes that wind  
 out their shady browes in wanton Rings.  
 reignes the wrathfull King, and while he reignes  
 epter and himselfe both he disdaines.

Disdainfull wretch ! how hath one bold finne cost  
 Thee all the Beauties of thy once bright Eyes?  
 How hath one black Eclipse cancell'd, and cross  
 The Glories that did Gild thee in thy Rise?  
 Proud Morning of a perverse Day ! how loft  
 Art thou unto thy selfe, thou too selfe-wise  
 Narcissus ? foolish Phaeton ? who for all  
 Thy high-aym'd hopes, gaind'ft but a flaming fall.

From Death's sad shades to the Life-breathing Ayre,  
 This mortall Enemy to mankinde's good,  
 Lifts his Malignant Eyes, wasted with care,  
 To become beautifull in humane blood.  
 Where Iordan melts his Chrystall, to make faire  
 The fields of Palestine, with so pure a flood,  
 There does he fixe his Eyes : and there detect  
 New matter, to make good his great suspect.

He calls to mind th' old quarrell, and what sparke  
 Set the contending Sons of Heav'n on fire :  
 Oft in his deepe thought he revolves the darke  
 Sibills divining leaves : he does enquire  
 Into th' old Prophecies, trembling to marke  
 How many present prodigies conspire,  
 To crowne their past predictions, both he layes  
 Together, in his pondrous mind both weighs.

Heavens Golden-winged Herald, late he saw  
 To a poore Galilean virgin sent :  
 How low the Bright Youth bow'd, and with what awe  
 Immortall flowers to her faire hand present.

th' old Hebrewes wombe, neglect the Law  
Age and Barennesse, and her Babe prevent  
is birth, by his Devotion, who began  
times to be a Saint, before a Man.

rich Nectar thawes release the rigour  
h' Icy North, from frost-bount Atlas hands  
amantine fetters fall : green vigour  
ding the Scythian Rocks, and Libian sands.  
a vernall smile, sweetly disfigure  
ters sad face, and through the flowry lands  
Engaddi hony-sweating Fountaines  
anna, Milk, and Balm, new broach the Moun-  
taines.

how in that blest Day-bearing Night,  
Heav'n-rebuked shades made hast away ;  
right a Dawne of Angels with new Light  
z'd the midnight world, and made a Day  
ch the Morning knew not : Mad with spight  
narkt how the poore Shepheards ran to pay  
mple Tribute to the Babe, whose Birth  
great businesse both of Heav'n and Earth.

a threefold Sun, with rich encrease,  
proud the Ruby portalls of the East.  
the Temple sacred to sweet Peace,  
e her Princes Birth, flat on her Brest.  
the falling Idolls, all confesse  
mming Deity. He saw the Nest

Of pois'nous and unnaturall loves, Earth-  
Tought with the worlds true Antidote to

He saw Heav'n blossome with a new-borne lig  
On which, as on a glorious stranger gaz'd  
The Goldeneyes of Night: whose Beame made  
The way to Beth'lem, and as boldly blaz'd,  
(Nor askt leave of the Sun) by Day as Night.  
By whom (as Heav'ns illustrious Handmaid)r  
Three Kings or what is more, three Wise men  
Westward to find the Worlds true Orient.

Strucke with these great concurrences of thing  
Symptomes so deadly, unto Death and him;  
Faine would he have forgot what fatall strings,  
Eternally bind each rebellious limbe.  
He shooke himselfe, and spread his spatious wi  
Which like two Bosom'd failes embrace the d  
Aire, with a dismall shade, but all in vair  
Of sturdy Adamant is his strong chaine.

While thus Heav'ns highest counfais, by the l  
Footsteps of their Effects, he trac'd too well  
He toft his troubled eyes, Embers that glow  
Now with new Rage, and wax too hot for  
With his foule clawes he fenc'd his furrowed l  
And gave a gastly shreeke, whose horrid yel  
Ran trembling through the hollow vaults of N  
The while his twisted Tayle he gnaw'd for spi

e other side, faine would he start  
his feares, and thinke it cannot be.  
s Scripture, strives to found the heart,  
ele the pulse of every Prophecy.  
s but knowes not how or by what Art,  
eav'n expecting Ages, hope to see  
r Babe whose pure, unspotted Birth,  
haft Virgin wombe, should blefs the Earth.

vaft Myfteries his senses smother,  
eafon (for what's Faith to him?) devoure.  
that is a maid should prove a Mother,  
epe inviolate her virgin flower;  
ls eternall Sonne should be mans Brother,  
his proudest Intellectuall power.  
r a pure Spirit should incarnate bee,  
life it selfe weare Deaths fraile Livery.

Great Angell-blinding light should shrinke  
ze, to shine in a poore Shepherds eye.  
unmeasur'd God so low should finke,  
'ner in a few poore Rags to lye.  
His Mothers Brest He milke should drinke,  
eds with Nectar Heav'ns faire family.  
t a vile Manger His low Bed should prove,  
o in a Throne of stars Thunders above.

whom the Sun serves, should faintly peepe  
gh clouds of Infant flesh: that He the old



Eternall Word should be a Child, and weepe.

That He who made the fire, should feare the cold;  
That Heav'ns high Majesty His Court should keepe  
In a clay-cottage, by each blast control'd.

That Glories self should serve our Grieffs, and feares:  
And free Eternity, submit to yeares.

And further, that the Lawes eternall Giver,  
Should bleed in His owne lawes obedience:

And to the circumcising Knife deliver

Himselfe, the forfeit of His slaves offence.

That the unblemisht Lambe, blessed for ever,

Should take the marke of sin, and paine of fence.

These are the knotty Riddles, whose darkedoubt  
Intangles his loft Thoughts, past getting out.

*Richard Crashaw.*

(From Marino's "Sospetto di Herode.")



VII.

"Church Bells."

**W**AKE me to night, my mother dear,  
That I may hear  
The Christmas Bells, so soft and clear,  
To high and low glad tidings tell,  
How God the Father loved us well,  
How God the Eternal Son

to undo what we had done,  
God the Paraclete,  
n the chaste womb framed the Babe so sweet,  
ver and glory came, the birth to aid and greet.

me, that I the twelvemonth long  
ear the song  
with me in the world's throng;  
reasured joys of Christmas tide  
with mine hour of gloom abide;  
Christmas carol ring  
in my heart, when I would sing;  
of the twelve good days  
neft yield of duteous love and praise,  
ng happy months and hallowing common ways.

me again, my mother dear,  
I may hear  
eal of the departing year.  
I I love, the step of Time  
I move to that familiar chime:  
all the tones that steep  
Old Year in the dews of sleep,  
Jew guide softly in  
hopes to sweet sad memories akin!  
nay that soothing cadence ear, heart, conscience  
win.

*John Keble.*





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# Christmas Tyde.

## PART I.

### The Advent of our Blessed<sup>!</sup> Lord.

Behold, a virgin shall conceive,  
And bear a son,  
And shall call his name Immanuel.

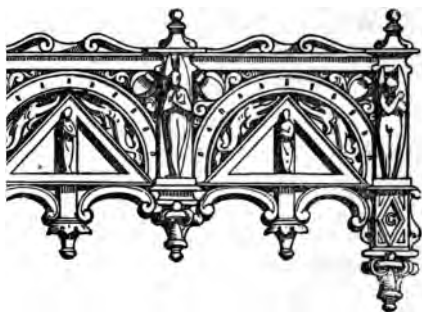
*Isaiab vii. 14.*

Now the birth of Jesus Christ was on this wise :  
When as his mother Mary was espoused to Joseph,  
Before they came together,  
She was found with child of the Holy Ghost.  
Then Joseph her husband, being a just man,  
And not willing to make her a publick example,  
Was minded to put her away privily.  
But while he thought on these things,  
Behold, the angel of the Lord appeared unto him,  
In a dream, saying, Joseph, thou son of David,  
Fear not to take unto thee Mary thy wife :  
For that which is conceived in her  
Is of the Holy Ghost.

*St. Mat. i. 18—20.*

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## Christmas Tyde.

he Annunciation of the Blessed  
Virgin Mary."

OH! Thou who deign'st to sympathize  
With all our frail and fleshly ties,  
Maker yet Brother dear,  
Forgive the too presumptuous thought,  
Calming wayward grief, I sought  
To gaze on Thee too near.

sure 'twas not presumption, Lord,  
Was Thine own comfortable word  
That made the lesson known :  
All the dearest bonds we prove,  
Our countess sons' and mothers' love  
Most sacred, most Thine own.

When wandering here a little span,  
Thou took'st on Thee to rescue man,  
Thou hadst no earthly fire :  
That wedded love we prize so dear,  
As if our heaven and home were here,  
It lit in Thee no fire.

On no sweet sister's faithful breast  
Would'st Thou Thine aching forehead rest,  
On no kind brother lean :  
But who, O perfect filial heart,  
E'er did like Thee a true son's part,  
Endearing, firm, serene ?

Thou wept'st, meek maiden, mother mild,  
Thou wept'st upon thy sinless Child,  
Thy very heart was riven :  
And yet, what mourning matron here  
Would deem thy sorrows bought too dear  
By all on this side Heaven ?

A Son that never did amiss,  
That never sham'd His mother's kiss,  
Nor cross'd her fondest prayer :  
Even from the tree He deign'd to bow  
For her His agonized brow,  
Her, His sole earthly care.

Ave Maria! blessed Maid !  
Lily of Eden's fragrant shade,  
Who can express the love

nurtur'd thee so pure and sweet,  
ng thy heart a shelter meet  
For Jesus' holy Dove?

Maria! Mother blest,  
Whom careffing and careff'd,  
Clings the Eternal Child;  
ur'd beyond Archangels' dream,  
n first on thee with tenderest gleam  
Thy new-born Saviour smil'd:—

Maria! thou whose name  
out adoring love may claim,  
Yet may we reach thy shrine;  
He, thy Son and Saviour, vows  
rown all lowly lofty brows  
With love and joy like thine.

'd is the womb that bare Him—bleff'd  
bosom where His lips were press'd,  
But rather bleff'd are they  
o hear His word and keep it well,  
living homes where Christ shall dwell,  
And never pass away.

*John Keble.*



## II.

## “ The Annunciation.”

**U** NTO the musick of the spheares  
 Let men, and Angels joyn in con-  
 theirs.

So great a messenger  
 From heav'n to earth  
 Is seldome seen  
 Attir'd in so much glory :  
 A message welcomer,  
 Fraught with more mirth,  
 Hath never been  
 Subject of any story.

This by a double right, if any, may  
 Be truly styl'd the worlds birth-day.

The making of the world ne'er cost  
 So deer by much, as to redeeme it lost.

God said but, *Let it be,*  
 And ev'ry thing  
 Was made straightway  
 So as He saw it good :  
 But ere that He could see  
 A course to bring  
 Man gone astray

To the place where he stood,  
 His wisdom, with His mercy, for mans sake  
 Against His justice part did take.

nd the result was this dayes newes  
ble the messenger himself t' amuse,\*

As well as her, to whom  
By him 'twas told,  
That though she were  
A Virgin pure, and knew  
No man, yet in her womb  
A sonne she should  
Conceive and beare,  
As sure as God was true.

ich high place in His favour she possessed,  
eing among all women blessed.

ut blest especially in this,  
hat she beleev'd, and for eternal blisse

Reli'd on Him, whom she  
Her self should beare,  
And her own sonne  
Took for her Saviour.  
And if there any be,  
That when they heare,  
As she had done  
Suit their behaviour,

hey may be blessed, as she was, and say  
his their Annunciation day.

*Christopher Harvey.*

\* "Muse, contemplate"—

See Dr. Richardson's English Dictionary.

## III.

## “ The Annunciation of Mary.’

## Song lii.



UR hearts, oh blessed God, encline,  
 Thy true affection to embrace  
 And that humilitie of Thine,  
 Which for our sakes vouchsafed v  
 Thy Goodnesse teach us to put on,  
 As with our Nature Thou wert clad,  
 And so to minde what Thou hast done,  
 That we may praise Thee, and be glad.


For Thou not onely heldst it meet,  
 To send an Angell from above,  
 An humble Maide on earth to greet,  
 And bring the Message of Thy love;  
 But, laying (as it were) aside  
 Those glories none can comprehend,  
 (Nor any mortal eies abide)  
 Into her Wombe Thou didst descend.

Bestow thou also Thy respect,  
 On our despi'd and low degree;  
 And Lord, oh, doe not us neglect,  
 Though worthy of contempt we be.

but through Thy Messengers prepare,  
And hallow fo our hearts, we pray,  
That (Thou conceived being there)  
The Fruites of Faith bring forth we may.  
*George Wither.*

## IV.

## “ Josephs Amazement.”

HEN Christ by growth  
disclosed His descent,  
Into the pure receipt  
of Maries brest ;

Poore Joseph, stranger yet  
to Gods intent,  
With doubts of jealous thoughts  
was fore opprest :  
And wrought with divers fits  
of feare and love,  
He neither can her free,  
nor faulty prove.

Now since the wakefull spy  
of jealous minde,  
By strong conjectures  
deemeth her defil'd,  
But love, in doome of things  
best loved blinde,  
Thinkes rather sense deceivd,  
than her with childe :

Yet proofes fo pregnant were,  
that no pretence  
Could cloake a thing  
fo cleare and plaine to fense.

Then Ioseph daunted  
with a deadly wound,  
Let loose the reines  
of undeserved griefe ;  
His heart did throb,  
his eyes in teares were drownd,  
His life a losse,  
death seem'd his best releefe :  
The pleasing relish  
of his former love,  
In gaulish thoughts  
to bitter taste doth prove.

One foot he often  
fetteth out of doore,  
But th' other loath  
uncertaine wayes to tread ;  
He takes his fardell  
for his needful store,  
He casts his Inne  
where first he meanes to bed :  
But still ere he  
can frame his feet to goe,  
Love winneth time,  
till all conclude in no.

Sometimes grieve adding force  
    he doth depart,  
He will against his will  
    keepe on his pace :  
But straight remorse  
    so rackes his raging heart,  
That hasting thoughts  
    yeeld to a pausing pace :  
Then mighty reasons  
    presse him to remaine,  
She whom he flies  
    doth win him home againe.

But when his thought  
    by fight of his abode,  
Presents the signe  
    of misesteemed shame,  
Repenting every step  
    that backe he trode,  
Teares done, the guide,  
    the tongue, the feet do blame :  
Thus warring with himselfe,  
    a field he fights,  
Where every wound  
    upon the giver lights.

And was (quoth he)  
    my love so lightly prif'd,  
Or was our sacred league  
    so soone forgot?

Could vowes be void,  
could vertues be despis'd ;  
Could such a spouse,  
be stain'd with such a spot ?  
O wretched Ioseph,  
that hath liv'd so long,  
Of faithful love  
to reape so grievous wrong !

Could such a worme  
breed in so sweet a Wood ?  
Could in so chaste demeanure  
lurke untruth ?  
Could vice lye hid  
where Vertues image stood ?  
Where hoary sagenesse  
graced tender youth ?  
Where can affiance rest,  
to rest secure ?  
In vertues fairest seat,  
faith is not sure.

All proofes did promise hope  
a pledge of grace,  
Whose good might have  
repay'd the deepest ill :  
Sweet signes of purest thoughts  
in Saintly face,  
Assur'd the eie  
of her unstained will.

Yet in this seeming lustre  
    seeme to lye  
Such crimes, for which  
    the law condemnes to dye.

But Josephs word  
    shall never worke her woe,  
I with her leave to live,  
    not doome to dye ;  
Though fortune mine,  
    yet am I not her foe,  
She to her selfe  
    lesse loving is than I.  
The most I will,  
    the least I can is this,  
Sith none may falve,  
    to shun that is amisse.

Exile my home,  
    the wildes shall be my walke,  
Complaint my joy,  
    my musicke mourning layes ;  
With pensive griefes  
    in silence will I talke :  
Sad thoughts shall be  
    my guides in sorrowes waies.  
This course best fures  
    the care of carelesse minde,  
That seekes to lose,  
    what most it joy'd to finde.

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Like stocked tree  
whose branches all doe fade,  
Whose leaves doe fall,  
and perisht fruit decay ;  
Like herbe that growes  
in cold and barren shade,  
Where darknesse drives  
all quickning heat away :  
So die must I,  
cut from my root of joy,  
And throwne in darkeſt ſhades  
of deepe annoy.

But who can flie  
from that his heart doth feele ?  
What change of place  
can change implanted paine ?  
Removing moves  
no hardnesſe from the ſteele.  
Sicke hearts, that ſhift no fits,  
ſhift roomes in vaine :  
Where thought can ſee,  
what helps the cloſed eye ?  
Where heart purſues,  
What gaires the foot to flie ?

Yet did I tread a maze  
of doubtfull end ;  
I goe, I come,  
ſhe drawes, ſhe drives away,

She wounds, she heales,  
 she doth both marre and mend,  
 She makes me seeke,  
 and shun, depart, and stay :  
 She is a friend to love,  
 a foe to loath,  
 And in suspence  
 I hang betweene them both.

*Robert Southwell.*

v.

“ Luke i.”

*Magnificat.*

**M**Y ravish't soule extols His Name,  
 Who rules the Worlds admired Frame :  
 My Spirit, with exalted Voice,  
 In God my Saviour shall rejoyce :  
 Who hath His glorious Beames displayd,  
 Upon a poore and humble Maid.  
 Me all succeeding Ages shall  
 The blessed Virgin-Mother call.  
 The Great, great things for me hath wrought ;  
 His Sanctity past humane thought.  
 His Mercy still reflects and those,  
 Who in His Truth their Trust repose.  
 He with His Arme hath Wonders showne :  
 The Proud in their owne pride ore-throwne ;  
 The Mighty from their Thrones dejects ;  
 The Lowly from the dust erects.

The Hungry are His welcome Guests ;  
 The Rich excluded from His Feasts.  
 He mindfull of His Promise, hath  
 Maintain'd, and crowned Israels faith :  
 To Abraham promis'd, and decreed  
 For ever to his holy Seed.

*George Sandy;*

VI.

### “ Festival Hymnes.”

*“ Hymns for Advent, or the weeks immediately  
 before the birth of our blessed Saviour.”*



WHEN Lord, O when shall we  
 Our Dear Salvation see ?  
 Arise, arise,  
 Our fainting eyes  
 Have long'd all night, and twas a long one too.  
 Man never yet could say  
 He saw more then one day,  
 One day of Edens seven :  
 The guilty hour there blasted with the breath  
 Of sin and death,  
 Hath ever since worn a nocturnal hue.  
 But Thou hast given us hopes that we  
 At length another day shall see,  
 Wherein each vile neglected place,  
 Gilt with the aspect of Thy face,  
 Shall be like that, the porch, and Gate of Heav'n

How long, dear God, how long!  
 See how the Nations throng :  
     All humane kinde  
     Knit and combin'd  
 one body, look for Thee their Head.  
     Pity our multitude,  
     Lord we are vile and rude,  
 senseless and senseless without Thee,  
 'all things but the want of Thy blest face,  
                             O haste apace ;  
 and Thy bright selfe to this our body wed,  
 that through the influx of Thy power,  
 each part that erst confusion wore  
 may put on order, and appear  
 pure as the childhood of the year,  
 when Thou to it shalt so united be.   Amen.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

VII.

“ Carol for Christmas-Eve.”

PART I.

**H** E sun sets brightly in the sea,  
 Foreknowing what his morn shall be,  
 And dreams throughout the dawning  
     night  
 Of rising on the Source of Light.  
 Born with Creation, he must wane  
 When Eden is revealed again ;  
 Now is his manhood's lusty prime,  
 The noon and triumphing of Time.

The day has ended mild and calm,  
The sea-wind scarcely sways the palm ;  
The olive trees beneath the hill  
Sleep in its folding, hush'd and still.

Above, the Towers of Bethlehem  
Fade in the night that falls on them :  
Yet hold in guard the rocky steep,  
Which Rehoboam bade them keep.

They overlook the lengthening vale,  
That stretches to the Dead Sea pale,  
And far beyond to Eastern plains,  
Where Ammon now no longer reigns.

Oh ! city small, 'mid Juda's host,  
Now growing to her crown and boast,  
How high at morn thy head shall be,  
For Earth shall bow to hallow thee.

The land of God, His people's home,  
Is captive to Imperial Rome ;  
Necks that were proud of David's sway  
Have stoop'd to Cæsar, and obey.

The Tribes, that did together meet  
To serve their God with joyful feet,  
Are ordered home at Cæsar's word,  
And taxed by a foreign lord.

Joseph, a man in lowly life,  
With Mary, his espoused wife,  
Had travell'd far to Bethlehem ;  
A branch was he of David's stem.

No place for such of small degree  
Could in that crowded city be ;  
And even at the lonely inn  
No room could they, no welcome, win.

So where the Cattle rest at night,—  
(Oh ! happy they to see such fight)  
Poor in all else but love and grace,  
The Virgin had her dwelling-place.

She sits beside the porch of stone ;  
With golden blue the evening shone ;  
The timid stars come, one by one,  
Incredulous that day was done.

Well Mary knew their forms on high,  
And loved their gentle company,  
When Joseph led the nightly way  
From Nazareth, and shunn'd the day.

Then had their light on Tabor shone,  
And lit the wide Esdraclon ;  
They seemed to crown Samaria yet,  
And Zion's brow in jewels set.

Their rays fell sad from Rachels tomb,  
Where heavily the dews had come  
From Rephidim's unsheltered plain—  
Or had the Mother wept again ?

While Mary watches by the door,  
Behold ! a star unknown before  
Mounts slowly up the western sky ;  
And then she knows her hour is nigh.

Like John the Baptist's early word,  
Which rose before, and with, his Lord,  
That star, which goes before His face,  
Doth preach His beauty, light, and grace.

The Virgin lifts her hands above,  
Her eyes are tears, her heart is love;  
She sees the joy she could believe,  
And prays the prayer of Christmas Eve.

Oh God, my soul is low,  
And faint my heart and breath;  
The future is a weight of woe,  
And presses me, like death.

I see Thine Israel, Lord,  
Their sorrow and unrest:  
I feel the anguish of the sword  
That wounds a mother's breast.

I see th' Immortal die,—  
A God that will not save—  
I see the Majesty on high  
Laid in a lowly grave.

Oh Lord! reveal Thy power,  
And undertake for me;  
My soul's in travail at this hour,  
And yet is staid on Thee.

*Rich. E. A. Townsen.*



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Part II.

The Birth of our Bleffed Lord.

*(Christmas Day.*

*Sunday after Christmas.)*

And Joseph alfo went up from Galilee,  
Out of the city of Nazareth, into Judea,  
Unto the city of David which is called Bethlehem,  
Because he was of the houfe and lineage of David :  
To be taxed with Mary his espoufed wife,  
Being great with child.  
And fo it was, that while they were there,  
The days were accomplished  
That ſhe ſhould be delivered.  
And ſhe brought forth her firſt-born ſon,  
And wrapped him in ſwaddling clothes,  
And laid him in a manger.

*St. Luke ii. 4—7.*

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## Part II.

## the Morning of Christ's Nativity."

## I.

**T**HIS is the Month, and this the happy morn,  
 Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,  
 Of wedded Maid, and Virgin Mother born,  
 Our great Redemption from above did  
     bring ;

so the holy Sages once did sing,  
 To our deadly forfeit should release,  
 With His father work us a perpetual peace.

## II.

lorious Form, that Light unsufferable,  
 that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,  
 with He went at Heav'n's high Council-Table,  
 fit the midst of Trinal Unity,  
 laid aside ; and here with us to be,  
 to the Courts of everlasting Day,  
 to use with us a darksome House of mortal Clay.

## III.

Say, Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein  
 Afford a Present to the Infant God ?  
 Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,  
 To welcome Him to this His new abode,  
 Now while the Heav'n by the Suns team unt  
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,  
 And all the spangled host keep watch in squadro  
 bright ?

## IV.

See how from far upon the Eastern rode  
 The Star-led Wisards haste with odours sweet  
 O run, prevent them with thy humble ode,  
 And lay it lowly at His blessed feet ;  
 Have thou the honour first, thy Lord to greet  
 And joyn thy voice unto the Angel Quire,  
 From out His secret Altar toucht with hallow'd

## “ The Hymn.”

## I.



T was the Winter wilde,  
 While the Heav'n-born-childe,  
 All meanly wrapt in the rude manger  
 Nature in awe to Him  
 Had doff't her gawdy trim,  
 With her great Master so to sympathize :  
 It was no season then for her  
 To wanton with the Sun her lusty Paramour.

## II.

with speeches fair  
voo's the gentle Air  
her guilty front with innocent Snow,  
on her naked shame,  
te with finfull blame,  
ntly Veil of Maiden white to throw,  
ided that her Makers eyes  
look so near upon her foul deformities.

## III.

Ie her fears to cease,  
lown the meek-ey'd Peace,  
wn'd with Olive green, came softly sliding  
n through the turning sphear  
eady Harbinger,  
urtle wing the amorous clouds dividing,  
ving wide her mirtle wand,  
es a universal Peace through Sea and Land.

## IV.

Var, or Battels found  
heard the World around  
Spear and Shield were high up hung,  
looked Chariot stood  
in'd with hostile blood,  
mpet spake not to the armed throng,  
ags sat still with awfull eye,  
ey surely knew their foveran Lord was by.

## v.

But peaceful was the night  
Wherein the Prince of light  
His reign of peace upon the earth began :  
The Winds with wonder whift,  
Smoothly the waters kift,  
Whispering new joyes to the milde Ocean,  
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,  
While Birds of Calm sit brooding on the charmed

## vi.

The Stars with deep amaze  
Stand fixt in stedfast gaze,  
Bending one way their pretious influence,  
And will not take their flight,  
For all the morning light,  
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;  
But in their glimmering Orbs did glow,  
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid the

## vii.

And though the shady gloom  
Had given day her room,  
The Sun himself with-held his wonted speed,  
And hid his head for shame,  
As his inferiour flame  
The new enlighten'd world no more should see  
He saw a greater Sun appear  
Than his bright Throne, or burning Axletree  
bear.

---

## VIII.

Shepherds on the Lawn,  
ere the point of dawn,  
nply chatting in a rustick row ;  
l little thought they than,  
at the mighty Pan  
indly come to live with them below ;  
ps their loves, or else their sheep,  
ll that did their filly thoughts so busie keep.

## IX.

ten such musick sweet  
eir hearts and ears did greet,  
ver was by mortal finger strook,  
inely-warbl'd voice  
swering the stringed noise,  
their souls in blisfull rapture took :  
Air such pleasure loth to lose,  
houfand echo's still prolong each heav'nly close.

## X.

ture that heard such found  
eath the hollow round  
nthia's feat, the Airy region thrilling,  
w was almost won  
think her part was done,  
hat her reign had here its last fulfilling ;  
ew such harmony alone  
hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier union.

## XI.

At laſt ſurrounds their fight  
A Globe of circular light,  
That with long beams the ſhame-fac't night arr  
The helmed Cherubim  
And ſworded Seraphim,  
Are ſeen in glittering ranks with wings diſplaid,  
Harping in loud and ſolemn quire,  
With unexprefſive notes to Heav'n's new-born H

## XII.

Such Muſick (as 'tis ſaid)  
Before was never made,  
But when of old the ſons of morning ſung,  
While the Creator great  
His Conſtellations ſet,  
And the well-ballanc't world on hinges hung,  
And caſt the dark foundations deep,  
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel k

## XIII.

Ring out, ye Cryſtal ſphears,  
Once bleſs our humane ears,  
(If ye have power to touch our ſenſes ſo)  
And let your ſilver chime  
Move in melodious time;  
And let the Baſe of Heav'n's deep Organ blow,  
And with your ninefold harmony  
Make up full comfort to th' Angelike ſymphony

## XIV.

For if such holy Song  
Enwrap our fancy long,  
Time will run back, and fetch the age of Gold,  
And speckl'd vanity  
Will sicken soon and die,  
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould,  
And Hell it self will pass away,  
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

## XV.

Yea Truth, and Justice then  
Will down return to men,  
Orb'd in a Rain-bow; and, like glories wearing  
Mercy will sit between,  
Thron'd in Celestial sheen,  
With radiant feet the tiffued clouds down steering,  
And Heav'n, as at some Festivall,  
Will open wide the Gates of her high Palace Hall.

## XVI.

But wisest Fate says no,  
This must not yet be so,  
The Babe lies yet in smiling Infancy,  
That on the bitter cross  
Must redeem our loss;  
So both Himself and us to glorifie:  
Yet first to those ychain'd in sleep,  
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through  
the deep.

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## xvii.

With such a horrid clang  
As on mount Sinai rang  
While the red fire, and smouldring clouds out br  
The aged Earth agast,  
With terrour of that blast,  
Shall from the surface to the center shake;  
When at the worlds last session,  
The dreadful Judge in middle Air shall spread  
throne.

## xviii.

And then at last our bliss  
Full and perfect is,  
But now begins; for from this happy day  
Th' old Dragon under ground  
In straiter limits bound,  
Not half so far casts his usurped fway,  
And wroth to see his Kingdom fail,  
Swindges the scaly Horror of his foulded tail.

## xix.

The Oracles are dum,  
No voice or hideous humm  
Runs through the arched roof in words deceivir  
Apollo from his shrine  
Can no more divine,  
With hollow shreik the steep of Delphos leaving  
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,  
Inspires the pale-ey'd Priest from the prophetic

## XX.

The lonely mountains o're,  
And the resounding shore,  
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament;  
From haunted spring, and dale  
Edg'd with poplar pale,  
The parting Genius is with sighing sent,  
With flowre-inwov'n tresses torn  
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets  
mourn.

## XXI.

In consecrated Earth,  
And on the holy Hearth,  
The Lars, and Lemures moan with midnight plaint,  
In Urns, and Altars round,  
A drear and dying sound  
Affrights the Flamins at their service quaint;  
And the chill Marble seems to sweat,  
While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted feat.

## XXII.

Peor, and Baalim,  
Forfake their Temples dim,  
With that twice batter'd God of Palestine,  
And mooned Ashtaroth,  
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,  
Now sits not girt with Tapers holy shine,  
The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn,  
In vain the Tyrian Maids their wounded Thamuz  
mourn.

## XXIII.

And fullen Moloch fled,  
Hath left in shadows dred,  
His burning Idol all of blackest hue ;  
In vain with Cymbals ring,  
They call the grisly King,  
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;  
The brutish Gods of Nile as fast,  
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis hast.

## XXIV.

Nor is Osiris seen  
In Memphian Grove, or Green,  
Trampling the unshowr'd Grasse with lowings lo  
Nor can he be at rest  
Within his sacred chest,  
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud,  
In vain with Timbrel'd Anthems dark  
The fable-stoled Sorcerers bear his worshipt Ark.

## XXV.

He feels from Juda's Land  
The dredded Infants hand,  
The rayes of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;  
Nor all the Gods beside,  
Longer dare abide,  
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :  
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,  
Can in His swadling bands controul the damned c

## xxvi.

when the Sun in bed,  
 tain'd with cloudy red,  
 s his chin upon an Orient wave,  
 : flocking shadows pale,  
 op to th' infernal Jail,  
 etter'd Ghoſt flips to his ſeveral grave,  
 he yellow-ſkirted Fayes,  
 er the Night-ſteeds, leaving their Moon-lov'd  
 maze.

## xxvii.

ſee the Virgin bleſt,  
 h laid her Babe to reſt.  
 is our tedious Song ſhould here have ending :  
 iv'ns youngſt teemed Star,  
 h fixt her poliſht Car,  
 eeping Lord with Handmaid Lamp attending :  
 ll about the Courtly Stable,  
 -harneſt Angels fit in order ſerviceable.

*John Milton.*

## II.

## Mercies Song.



HO can forget, never to be forgot,  
 The time, that all the world in ſlumber lies,  
 When, like the ſtarres, the ſinging Angels  
 ſhot  
 rth, and heav'n awak'd all his eyes,

To see another Sunne, at midnight rise,  
On earth? was never sight of pareil fame,  
For God Himselfe now like a mortall man became.

A Child He was, and had not learn't to speake,  
That with His word the world before did make,  
His Mothers armes Him bore, He was so weake,  
That with one hand the vaults of heav'n could shake,  
See how small room my infant Lord doth take,  
Whom all the world is not enough to hold.  
Who of His yeares, or of His age hath told?  
Never such age so young, never a Child so old.

And yet but newly He was infanted,  
And yet alreadie He was fought to die,  
Yet scarcely borne, alreadie banished,  
Not able yet to goe, and forc't to flie,  
But scarcely fled away, when by and by,  
The Tyrans sword with blood is all defil'd,  
And Rachel, for her sonnes with furie wild,  
Cries, O thou cruell King, and O my sweetest child.

Egypt His Nource became, whear Nilus springs,  
Who streit, to entertaine the rising funne,  
The hasty harvest in his bosome brings;  
But now for drieth the fields wear all undone,  
And now with waters all is overrunne,  
So fast the Cynthian mountaines powr'd their snowe,  
When once they felt the funne so neere them glowe,  
That Nilus Egypt lost, and to a sea did growe.

Angels caroll'd lowd their fong of peace,  
And Oracles wear strucken dumb,  
Their Sheapheards, the poore Sheapheards prefs,  
Their King, the Kingly Sophies come,  
To guide unto His Masters home,  
He comes dauncing up the orient,  
Rings for ioye over the strawy tent,  
Gold, to make their Prince a crowne, they all  
Present.

John, glad child, before he could be borne,  
In the wombe, his ioy to prophetic,  
And though with age all spent, and worne,  
Shows her Saviour to posteritie,  
Neon fast his dying notes doeth plie.  
The blessed foules about him trace.  
Fire of heav'n thou doest embrace,  
Neon, sing, sing Simeon, sing apace.

At the mightie thunder dropt away  
His unwarie arme, now milder growne,  
Fell into teares, as if to pray  
For him, and for pittie, it had knowne,  
Would have been for sacred vengeance throwne:  
The Armies Angelique devo'wd  
Former rage, and all to Mercy bo'wd,  
Broken weapons at her feet they gladly strow'd.

Bring ye Graces all your silver flasks,  
With every choicest flowre that grows,

That I may soone unflow'r your fragrant baskets,  
 To strowe the fields with odours whear He goes,  
 Let what so e're He treads on be a rose.  
 So downe shee let her eyelids fall, to shine  
 Upon the rivers of bright Palestine,  
 Whose woods drop honie, and her rivers skip wi  
 wine. *Giles Fletcher.*

## III.

## “ The Nativity, or Christmas Day.”

**M**NFOLD thy face, unmask thy ray,  
 Shine forth bright funne, double the d  
 Let no malignant misty fume,  
 Nor foggy vapour, once perfume  
 To interpose thy perfect light  
 This day, which makes us love thy light  
 For ever better that we could  
 That blessed object once behold,  
 Which is both the circumference,  
 And center of all excellence :  
 Or rather neither, but a treasure  
 Unconfined without measure,  
 Whose center, and circumference,  
 Including all preheminnence,  
 Excluding nothing but defect,  
 And infinite in each respect,  
 Is equally both here, and there,  
 And now, and then, and ev'ry where,

And alwayes, one, Himself, the same,  
 A being far above a name.  
 Draw neerer then, and freely powre  
 Forth all thy light into that how'r,  
 Which was crowned with His birth,  
 And made heaven envy earth.

Let not His birthday clouded be,  
 By whom thou shineft, and we fee.

*Chriftopher Harvey.*

IV.

“ The Nativity.”



PEACE! and to all the world! Sure One  
 And He the Prince of peace, hath none!  
 He travails to be born, and then  
 Is born to travail more again.

Poor Galilee, Thou can’st not be  
 The place for His nativity.  
 His restless mother’s called away,  
 And not delivered till she pay.

A Tax! ’tis so still. We can see  
 The church thrive in her misery,  
 And, like her Head at Bethlehem, rise,  
 When she oppressed with troubles lies.  
 Rise?—Should all fall we cannot be  
 In more extremities than He.  
 Great Type of passions! Come what will,  
 Thy grief exceeds all copies still.



Thou cam'st from Heaven to Earth, that we  
Might go from earth to Heaven with Thee:  
And though Thou found'st no welcome here,  
Thou didst provide us mansions there.  
A stable was Thy Court, and when  
Men turned to beasts, beasts would be men:  
They were Thy courtiers; others none;  
And their poor manger was Thy throne.  
No swadling silks Thy limbs did fold,  
Though Thou could'st turn Thy rags to gold.  
No Rockers waited on Thy birth,  
No cradles stirred, nor songs of mirth;  
But her chaste lap and sacred breast,  
Which lodged Thee first, did give Thee rest.

But stay! what light is that doth stream  
And drop here in a gilded beam?  
It is Thy star runs page, and brings  
Thy tributary Eastern Kings.  
Lord! grant some light to us; that we,  
May find with them the way to Thee.  
Behold what mists eclipse the day!  
How dark it is! Shed down one ray,  
To guide us out of this dark night,  
And say once more, "Let there be light!"

*Henry Vaughan*

v.

“ Festival Hymnes.”

Hymns for Christmas Day.

i.



MYSTERIOUS truth ! that the self same  
 should be  
 A Lamb, a Shepherd, and a Lion too !  
 Yet such was He

Whom first the Shepherds knew,  
 When they themselves became  
 Sheep to the Shepherd Lambe.  
 Shepherd of Men and Angels, Lamb of God,  
 Lion of Judah, by these Titles keep  
 The Wolf from Thy indangered Sheep.  
 Bring all the world unto Thy Fold,  
 Let Jews and Gentiles hither come  
 In numbers great that can't be told,  
 And call Thy Lambs that wander, home.  
 Glory be to God on high,  
 All glories be to th' glorious Deity.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

## VI.

“ The second Hymn ; being a Dialo  
between three Shepherds.”

## 1.



HERE is this blessed Babe  
That hath made  
All the world so full of joy  
And expectation ;  
That glorious boy  
That crowns each Nation  
With a triumphant wreath of blessednes ?

## 2.

Where should He be but in the throng,  
And among  
His Angel Ministers, that sing  
And take wing  
Just as may Echo to His Voyce,  
And rejoyce,  
When wing, and tongue and all  
May so procure their happines ?

## 3.

But He hath other Waiters now,  
A poor Cow,  
And Ox and Mule, stand and behold,  
And wonder,

a stable should enfold  
that can thunder.

## CHORUS.

What a gracious God have we?  
good, how great ! even as our misery.  
*Jeremy Taylor.*

## VII.

The third Hymn: Of Christs birth  
in an Inn.

THE blessed Virgin travail'd without pain,  
And lodged in an Inn,  
A glorious Star the sign  
But of a greater guest than ever came that  
way,  
For there He lay  
the God of Night and Day,  
For all the pow'rs of heav'n doth reign.  
The time of great Augustus Tax,  
And then He comes  
That pays all fums,  
The whole price of lost humanity,  
And set us free  
And from the ungodly Emperie  
of Satan, and of Death.  
Our hearts, blest God, Thy lodging place,

And in our brest  
 Be pleas'd to rest,  
 For Thou lov'st Temples better than an Inne,  
 And cause that fin  
 May not profane the Deity within,  
 And fully o're the ornaments of Grace. Amen.  
*Jeremy Tayler.*

viii.

“ A Hymne for Chriftnas Day.”

4.



WAKE my foul, and come away  
 Put on thy best aray,  
 Leaft if thou longer ftay  
 Thou loofe fome minitts of fo bleft a day.

Go, Run and bid good morrow to the Sun  
 Welcome his fafe return to Capricorn,  
 And that great morne  
 Wherein a God was borne,  
 Whofe ftory none can tell  
 But He whofe every word's a Miracle.

To day Almightynefs grew weak  
 The world it felfe was mute  
 And could not fpeak.

That Jacob's Star, which made the Sun  
 To dazle if he durft look on,

mantled ore in Bethlems night  
v'd a Star to shew Him light.  
at begirt each Zone  
nom both Poles are one,  
grasp't the Zodiack in 's hand  
made it move or stand,  
r by Nature man  
ure but a span,  
tie is now grown short  
g is borne without a Court,  
water thirsts, the Fountains dry  
fe being borne made apt to dye.

## CHORUS.

let our prayfes Emulate and vie  
with His humilitie,  
Hee's exil'd from skeyes  
we might Rise :  
low estate of men  
ing Him up agen.  
nan winde up 's heart  
to bear a part  
t Angelick Quire, And show  
ory high, as He was low.  
ing t'wards men Good wil, and Charity,  
upon earth, Glory to God on High.

Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

## IX.

“ The Angels for the Nativitie  
our Lord.”

**R**UNNE Sheepheards, run where B  
blest appeares,  
Wee bring the best of newes, bee  
may'd,

A Saviour there is borne, more olde than ye  
Amidft Heavens rolling hights this Earth who  
In a poore Cotage Inn'd, a Virgine Maide  
A weakling did Him beare, who all upbeare  
There is Hee poorelie fwadl'd, in Manger l  
To whom too narrow Swadlings are our Spl  
Runne, Sheepheards, runne, and solemnize H  
This is that Night, no, Day growne great wit  
In which the power of Sathan broken is,  
In Heaven bee glorie, Peace unto the Earth  
Thus finging through the Aire the Angels  
And Cope of Starres re-echoed the fame.

*William Drum*

## X.

“ For the Nativitie of our Lc

**C**HAN the fairest Day, thrice f  
Night!  
Night to best Dayes in which a  
doth rise,  
Of which that golden Eye, which cleares th

sparkling Ray, a Shadow light :  
 effed yee, in fillie Pastors fight,  
 Creatures, in whose warme Cribbe now lyes  
 eaven-sent Yongling, holie-Maid-borne Wight,  
 end, beginning of our Prophecies :  
 otage that hath Flowres in Winter spred,  
 1 withered blessed Graffe, that hath the grace  
 ke, and bee a Carpet to that Place.


ung, unto the Soundes of oaten Reed,  
 he Babe, the Sheepeheards bow'd on knees,  
 rings ranne Nectar, Honey dropt from Trees.

*William Drummond.*

xi.

'oems upon Christmas-Day."

(7)

HEN the great Lamp of Heaven, the  
 Glorious Sun,  
 Had touch'd his Southern period, and  
 begun  
 e the Winter Tropick, and to climb  
 diacks ascending Signs, that time  
 ighter Sun of Righteousnes did choose  
 ms of Light and Glory to disclose  
 dark lower world ; and by those Rays  
 ce the Darknes, and to make it day.  
 t the Glorious and Resplendent Light  
 Eternal Beam, might be too bright



For Mortals eyes to gaze upon ; He shrouds  
 And cloaths His fiery Pillar with the Cloud  
 Of Humane Flesh, that in that drefs He may  
 Converfe with Men ; acquaint them with th  
 To Life and Glory ; ſhew His Fathers mind  
 Concerning them, how Bountiful and Kind  
 His thoughts were to them ; what they might  
 From Him in the Obſervance or Neglect  
 Of what He did require ; and then He Seal  
 With His dear Blood, the Truth He had rev  
*Matthew 1*

(9)




READER, the Title of this Solemn  
 And what it doth import, doth ſt  
 ſtay,  
 And read, and wonder. 'Tis that  
 That Angels gaze upon ; Divinity  
 Affuming Humane Fleſh ; Th' Eternal Son  
 Of the Eternal God, is Man become.  
 But why this ſtrange Aſſumption ? or what e  
 Equivalent, could make Him to deſcend  
 So far beneath Himſelf, and equalize  
 The Miracle of ſuch an enterprize ?  
 Yet ſtay and wonder : Undeſerved Love  
 To Man, to finful Man, did only move  
 This ſtoop from Heaven to Earth, and all to  
 And reſcue loſt and fallen Man from Sin  
 And Guilt, and Death, and Hell ; and re-inſ  
 Him in that Happineſs loſt by His Fall,

eater, Everlastingly to dwell  
 fedness: So that thou canst not tell  
 of the two the greater Wonder proves,  
 viour's Incarnation, or His Love.  
 th conclude thou dost not give, but pay  
 t, in the Observance of this Day.  
*Matthew Hale.*

## XII.

## Messiah, a sacred Eclogue."

 E Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
 To heav'nly themes sublimer strains be-  
 long.

The mossy fountains and the sylvan  
 shades,  
 reams of Pindus and th' Aonian maids,  
 t no more.—O Thou my voice inspire,  
 ouch'd Isai'ah's hallow'd lips with fire!  
 nto future times, the Bard begun,  
 gin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!  
 Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
 : sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies.  
 ðthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,  
 n its top descends the mystic Dove.  
 av'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 n soft silence shed the kindly show'r!  
 ck and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
 storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;  
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;  
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.  
Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!  
Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!  
See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
With all the incense of the breathing spring:  
See lofty Lebanon his head advance,  
See nodding forests on the mountains dance,  
See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,  
And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!  
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;  
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears;  
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,  
The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
Lo earth receives Him from the bending skies!  
Sink down ye mountains, and ye vallies rise:  
With heads declin'd, ye Cedars, homage pay;  
Be smooth, ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!  
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold;  
Hear Him ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!  
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:  
'Tis He th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear.  
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
And leap exulting like the bounding Roe.  
No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,  
From ev'ry face He wipes off ev'ry tear.

mantine chains shall Death be bound,  
Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
: good shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
freshest pasture, and the purest air,  
res the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
y o'ersees them, and by night protects;  
ender lambs he raises in his arms,  
from his hand, and in his bosom warms;  
shall mankind His guardian care engage,  
romis'd Father of the future age.  
ore shall nation against nation rise,  
udent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
elds with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
razen trumpets kindle rage no more;  
ele's lances into scythes shall bend,  
he broad faulchion in a plough-share end.  
palaces shall rise; the joyful Son  
inish what his short-liv'd Sire begun:  
vines a shadow to their race shall yield,  
he same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.  
wain in barren desarts with surprise  
illies spring, and sudden verdure rise,  
tarts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
falls of water murm'ring in his ear:  
ted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
reen reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.  
sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,  
piry firr and shapely box adorn;  
istles shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,  
d'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.

The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant  
mead,  
And boys in flow'ry bands the Tyger lead;  
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.  
The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
The crested Basilisk and speckled snake;  
Pleas'd the green lustre of their scales survey,  
And with their forky tongue and pointless sting shall  
play.


Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!  
Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!  
See, a long race thy spacious courts adorn;  
See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,  
In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,  
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!  
See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,  
Walk in thy light, and in thy Temple bend;  
See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate Kings,  
And heap'd with products of Sabean springs!  
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,  
And seeds of gold, in Ophir's mountains glow.  
See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
And break upon thee in a flood of day!  
No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,  
Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn,  
But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
One Tyde of glory, one unclouded blaze  
O'erflow thy courts: the Light Himself shall shine  
Reveal'd and God's eternal day be thine!

Seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,  
 All fall to dust, and mountains melt away;  
 'Tis His word, His saving pow'r remains;  
 Realm for ever lasts, Thy own Messiah reigns.

*Alexander Pope.*

## XIII.

"The Deity and Humanity of Christ."

 BEFORE the blue heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,  
 From everlasting was the Word:  
 With God He was; the Word was God,  
 And must divinely be ador'd.

His own pow'r were all things made;  
 By Him supported all things stand;  
 'Tis the whole creation's head,  
 And angels fly at His command.

When first was born or Satan fell,  
 He led the host of morning stars;  
 Whose generation who can tell,  
 Or count the number of Thy years?

But lo! He leaves those heav'nly forms;  
 The Word descends, and dwells in clay,  
 That He may hold converse with worms,  
 Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

MORTAL with ev' angel His Son,  
 Thy Eternal Father's only Son;  
 How full of truth, how full of grace!  
 When thro' His eyes the Gentiles shone!

Arrangements leave their high abode,  
 To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
 The love of our representing God,  
 The glories of Immanuel.

*Edgar Watts*

XX.

### "Jehovah Jelus."

**N**othing shall bless the Lord of all,  
 My praise shall climb to His abode  
 There, Saviour, by that name I call,  
 The great, supreme, the mighty God

Without beginning or decline,  
 Object of faith, and not of sense;  
 Eternal ages saw Him shine,  
 He shines eternal ages hence.

As much, when in the manger laid,  
 Almighty ruler of the sky,  
 As when the six days' work He made  
 Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.

Of all the crowns Jehovah bears,  
Salvation is His dearest claim;  
That gracious sound well pleased He hears,  
And owns Emmanuel for His name.

A cheerful confidence I feel,  
My well placed hopes with joy I see;  
My bosom glows with heavenly zeal,  
To worship Him who died for me.

As man He pities my complaint,  
His power and truth are all divine;  
He will not fail, He cannot faint,  
Salvation's sure, and must be mine.

*William Cowper.*

## xv.



IRGIN born! we bow before Thee!  
Blessed was the womb that bore Thee!  
Mary, mother meek and mild,  
Blessed was she in her child!

Blessed was the breast that fed Thee!  
Blessed was the hand that led Thee;  
Blessed was the parent's eye  
That watch'd Thy slumbering infancy!


Blessed she by all creation,  
Who brought forth the world's Salvation!  
And blessed they, for ever blest,  
Who love Thee most and serve Thee best!



Virgin-born ! we bow before Thee !  
 Blest was the womb that bore Thee !  
 Mary, mother meek and mild,  
 Blest was she in her child !

*Reginald Heber.*

XVI.

 OR Thou wert born of Woman ! T  
 didst come,  
 Oh Holiest ! to this world of sin and glo  
 Not in Thy dread omnipotent array  
 And not by thunders strew'd  
 Was Thy tempestuous road ;  
 Nor indignation burnt before Thee on Thy wa  
 But Thee, a soft and naked child,  
 Thy mother undefiled,  
 In the rude manger laid to rest  
 From off her virgin breast.

The heavens were not commanded to prepare  
 A gorgeous canopy of golden air ;  
 Nor stoop'd their lamps th' enthroned fires on h  
 A single silent star  
 Came wandering from afar,  
 Gliding uncheck'd and calm along the liquid sk  
 The Eastern Sages leading on  
 As at a kingly throne,  
 To lay their gold and odours sweet  
 Before Thy infant feet.

arth and Ocean were not hush'd to hear  
harmony from every starry sphere ;  
Thy presence brake the voice of song  
all the cherub choirs,  
raphs' burning lyres  
thro' the host of heaven the charmed clouds  
along.  
angel troop the strain began,  
the race of man  
ple shepherds heard alone,  
oft Hosanna's tone.

*Henry H. Milman.*



## Carols.

And suddenly there was with the angel  
A multitude of the heavenly host praising God and saying,  
Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace,  
Goodwill towards men.

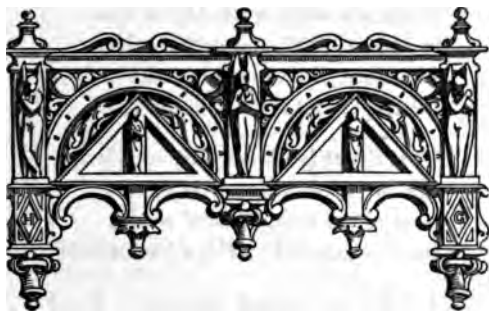
*St. Luke. ii. 13, 14.*

Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns  
And spiritual songs,  
Singing and making melody in your heart  
To the Lord ;  
Giving thanks always for all things  
Unto God and the Father  
In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

*Eph. v. 19, 20.*

Is any merry? let him sing psalms.

*James. v. 13.*



## Carols.

I.

“ Carol for Christmas Day.”

PART II.

**A**LL over were December's rains,  
And grafs and herbs renew the plains :  
The shepherds quit the hills, and keep  
A watch around their feeding sheep.

Oh happy toil which Abel knew,  
And Moses loved, and David too !  
Oh happy shepherds, favoured race !  
Who first shall see a Saviour's face.

The ancient world their wisdom saw,  
Their rule, and Patriarchal law :  
But sway paternal could not win  
The wayward heart, and save from sin.

When the white fleece Assyria dyed  
In human blood, and purple pride,  
And changed the crook to heathen sword;  
She fought and fell before the Lord.

Thus Egypt (with her Shepherd-kings)  
Another curse of sorrow brings;  
Land of the wise, the arts' abode,  
She mocked, and rous'd, a jealous God.

At last when learned Greece and Rome  
Yet wander'd wider still from home,  
And every course that man had tried  
Was vainer vanity and pride;

Jehovah comes on earth to reign  
To bring His people back again,  
(A faithful shepherd) and atone,  
Their lives redeeming with His own.

Now is the time so long foretold,  
By prophets past, and saints of old;  
Now dawns the Gentiles' new-born light,  
And Israel's glory, broad and bright.

The angels, whose averted eyes  
Had left a world which God defies,  
Can see it now, through Christ forgiven,  
A mirror of the love of Heaven.

The mother, she had rocked to rest  
Her babe upon her sleeping breast;

How peacefully that heart should beat,  
Which makes a Saviour's safe retreat.

She laid Him in a manger, swath'd ;  
Less glorious was the sea, embath'd  
In swaddling clouds of darkness, born  
From mountains on creation's morn.

The angels, jealous of delight,  
Adoring wait that wondrous fight ;  
Then fly to minister to man  
The tale of God's eternal plan.

Beneath a soft December sky,  
Where western winds sang sweetly by,  
Such as should mix with starry light,  
Some shepherds kept their flocks by night.

When lo ! an angel's there—the sword  
Glowing with the glory of the Lord ;  
A spirit priest doth first proclaim  
To lowliest men a Saviour's name.

And suddenly a chaunted hymn  
Broke from the quiring Seraphim ;  
While made the symphony afar,  
In mellowed tone, each morning star.

“ Glory to God on high ! let peace,  
Goodwill to man, and love increase ;  
The Lord is born a man on earth,  
That man may know God's second birth.”

Now when the angels part from them  
The shepherds haste to Bethlehem ;  
They greet the man, and mother mild,  
And kneel to kiss the sleeping child.

Then telling of the watch by night—  
The angel form—the glory bright—  
How unto them, to all, that morn,  
A Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born,

They bend, and offer to their King  
Themselves, most precious offering,  
And to make known these things depart ;  
While Mary hid them in her heart ;

But in the silence of her soul  
Her joy comes forth beyond controul,  
And overflowing its abode  
Is poured in solitude to God.

*“ Mary’s Christmas morning Hymn.”*

I FEEL no more the pain  
The future can bestow ;  
My heart is full ; each bursting vein  
Refuses place to woe.

Creator, Father, Lord,  
I blefs Thee, oh my God !  
I cannot speak or frame the word  
To think my thought abroad.

---


He, that my soul shall save,  
Hath clasp'd my neck, and smil'd—  
He, that of old my being gave,  
And kept it, is my child.

I may enwrap and kiss  
My babe, and charm to rest,  
Yet know the unimagined bliss  
That God is by my breast.

Oh, this is life—and blind  
A mother's *once* may be ;  
Too happy in the joy I find,  
The rest I leave with Thee.  
*Rich. E. A. Townsend.*

## II.

## “ Christmas Day.”

HOUGH rudewinds usher thee, sweet day,  
Though clouds thy face deform,  
Though nature's grace is swept away  
Before thy fleety storm ;  
E'en in thy sombrest wintry vest,  
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

Nor frigid air nor gloomy morn  
Shall check our jubilee ;



Bright is the day when Christ was born,  
No sun need shine but He ;  
Let roughest storms their coldest blow,  
With love of Him our hearts shall glow.

Inspired with high and holy thought,  
Fancy is on the wing ;  
It seems as to mine ear it brought  
Those voices carolling,  
Voices through heaven and earth that ran,  
Glory to God, good-will to man.

I see the shepherds gazing wild  
At those fair spirits of light ;  
I see them bending o'er the child  
With that untold delight  
Which marks the face of those who view  
Things but too happy to be true.

There, in the lowly manger laid,  
Incarnate God they see,  
He stoops to take, through spotless maid,  
Our frail humanity ;  
Son of high God, creation's Heir,  
He leaves His heaven to raise us there.

Through Him, Lord, we are born anew,  
Thy children once again,  
Oh, day by day our hearts renew,  
That Thine we may remain ;

And angel-like, may all agree,  
One sweet and holy family.

Oft as this joyous morn doth come  
To speak our Saviour's love,  
Oh, may it bear our spirits home  
Where He now reigns above ;  
That day which brought Him from the skies  
So man restores to Paradise.

Then let winds usher thee, sweet day,  
Let clouds thy face deform,  
Though nature's grace is swept away  
Before thy sleety storm ;  
Ee'n in thy sombrest wintry vest,  
Of blessed days thou art most blest.

*Samuel Richards.*

III.

“ Christmas Caroll.”



ARKE : heare you not a cheerefull Noyse,  
That makes Heavens-Vault, ring thrill  
with joyes ?  
See ; where, like Starres, bright Angels flye,  
And thousand heavenly Echoes cry.  
So loud they chaunt, that downe to Earth,  
Innocent Children heare their Mirth.

And sing with them, what, none can say,  
 For joy their Prince is borne, this Day :  
 Their Prince, their God, like one of those,  
 Is made a Child, and wrapt in Clothes.  
 All this is in Times fullness done :  
 Wee, have a Saviour, God, a Sonne.  
 Heaven, Earth ; Babes, Shepherds, Angels fit  
 Oh ! never was such Carolling.  
 Harke ; how they all sing at His Birth,  
 Glory to God, and Peace on Earth.  
 Up then, my Soule, thy part desire  
 And sing, though but a Base, in this sweet Qu  
*William Aust*

## IV.

## “ Christmas Day.”

**W**HAT sudden blaze of song  
 Spreads o'er th' expanse of Heaven  
 In waves of light it thrills along,  
 Th' angelic signal given—

“ Glory to God ! ” from yonder central fire  
 Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry qu

Like circles widening round  
 Upon a clear blue river,  
 Orb after orb, the wondrous sound  
 Is echoed on for ever :

“ Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,  
 “ And love towards men of love—salvation at  
 leave.”

Yet stay before thou dare  
To join that festal throng;  
Listen and mark what gentle air  
First stirr'd the tide of song;  
'Tis not "the Saviour born in David's home,  
"To whom for power and health obedient worlds  
should come:"—

'Tis not, "the Christ the Lord:"—  
With fix'd adoring look  
The choir of Angels caught the word,  
Nor yet their silence broke:  
But when they heard the sign, where Christ should be,  
In sudden light they shone and heavenly harmony.

Wrapp'd in His swaddling bands,  
And in His manger laid,  
The hope and glory of all lands  
Is come to the world's aid:  
No peaceful home upon His cradle smil'd,  
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal  
Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,  
No other thought should be,  
Once duly welcom'd and ador'd,  
How should I part with Thee?  
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt  
grace  
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding place.

Thou Mother of the Prince of Peace,  
Poor, fimple, and of low estate !  
That Strife should vanish, Battle cease,  
O why should this thy soul elate ?  
Sweet Mufic's loudeft note, the Poet's ftory,—  
Did'ft thou ne'er love to hear of Fame and C

And is not War a youthful King,  
A ftately Hero clad in Mail ?  
Beneath his footfteps laurels fpring ;  
Him Earth's majestic monarchs hail  
Their Friend, their Playmate ! and his bold bri  
Compels the maiden's love-confefling figh.

“ Tell this in fome more courtly fcene,  
“ To maids and youths in robes of ftate !  
“ I am a woman poor and mean,  
“ And therefore is my Soul elate.  
“ War is a ruffian, all with guilt defiled,  
“ That from the aged Father tears his Child

“ A murderous fiend, by fiends adored,  
“ He kills the Sire and ftarves the Son ;  
“ The Husband kills, and from her board  
“ Steals all his Widow's toil had won ;  
“ Plunders God's world of beauty ; rends av  
“ All fafety from the Night, all comfort from th

“ Then wifely is my soul elate,  
“ That Strife should vanish, Battle cease :

or and of a low estate,  
Mother of the Prince of Peace.  
es in me, like a summer's morn :  
Peace on Earth, the Prince of Peace is born."  
*Samuel T. Coleridge.*

## VI.


## " To God The Sonne."

**C**REATE Prynce of heaven ! begotten of  
that Kyng  
Who rules the kyndome that Himself dyd  
make,  
hat virgyn-queene manne's shape did take,  
om kynge Davyd's royal stock dyd sprynge ;  
ayle, though Thy byrth mayd angells synge,  
ells dyttyes shepehyrds pypes awake,  
ges, lyke shepehyrds, humbled for Thy sake,  
t Thy feete, and guyftes of homage brynge :  
en and earth, the hyghe and lowe estate  
ers of Thy byrth make æqual clayme ;  
because in heaven God Thee begatt,  
rdes and kynges because Thy mother came  
yncely race, and yet by povertye  
ory shyne in her humillitye.

*Henry Constable.*

## VII.

## “ An Ode of the Birth of our Savio

 N Numbers, and but these few,  
 I sing Thy Birth, Oh Jesu !  
 Thou prettie Babie, borne here,  
 With sup'rabundant scorn here :

Who for Thy Princely Port here,  
 Hadst for Thy place  
 Of Birth, a base  
 Out-fable for Thy Court here.

Instead of neat Inclosures  
 Of inter-woven Ofiers ;  
 Instead of fragrant Posies  
 Of Daffadills, and Roses ;  
 Thy cradle, Kingly Stranger,  
 As Gospell tells,  
 Was nothing els,  
 But, here, a homely manger.

But we with Silks, not Cruells,  
 With sundry precious Jewells,  
 And Lilly-work will dresse Thee ;  
 And as we dispossesse Thee  
 Of clouts, wee'l make a chamber,  
 Sweet Babe, for Thee,  
 Of Ivorie,  
 And plaister'd round with Amber.

The Jews they did disdaine Thee,  
But we will entertaine Thee  
With Glories to await here  
Upon Thy Princely State here,  
And more for love, then pittie.

From yeere to yeere  
Wee'l make Thee, here,  
A Free-born of our Citie.

*Robert Herrick.*

## VIII.



ARK! the Herald Angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King,  
"Peace on earth and mercy mild,  
"God and sinner reconcil'd."  
Hark! the Herald Angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King."

Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies,  
With the angelic host proclaim,  
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Hark! the Herald Angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King."

Christ by highest Heaven ador'd,  
Christ the everlasting Lord!  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's wombe.

Hark! the Herald Angels sing,  
"Glory to the new-born King."



Hail the Heaven-born Prince of Peace  
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.

Hark ! the Herald Angels sing,  
 " Glory to the new-born King."

Mild He lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die,  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.

Hark ! the Herald Angels sing,  
 " Glory to the new-born King."

*J. C. W.*

IX.

" New Prince, new Pompey."

**B**EHOLD a filly tender Babe,  
 In freezing Winter night  
 In homely Manger trembling lies ;  
 Alas, a piteous sight :

The Innes are full, no man will yeeld

This little Pilgrim bed ;

But forc't He is with filly beasts,

In crib to shrowd His head.

Despise Him not for lying there,

First what He is enquire :

An Orient pearle is often found


In depth of dirty mire.

Waigh not His Crib, His wooden dish,  
 Nor beaft that by Him feed :  
 Waigh not His Mothers poore attire,  
 Nor Iosephs fimple weed.  
 This Stable is a Princes Court,  
 The Crib His chaire of State :  
 The beafts are parcell of His Pompe,  
 The wooden dish His plate.  
 The perfons in that poore attire,  
 His royall liveries weare,  
 The Prince Himfelfe is come from heaven,  
 This pompe is prized there.  
 With joy approach, O Christian wight,  
 Doe homage to thy King ;  
 And highly praife His humble Pompe,  
 Which He from Heaven doth bring.

*Robert Southwell.*

x.

“ Christmas.”


 HE Shepherds fing ; and shall I filent be ?  
 My God, no hymne for Thee ?  
 My foul's a shepherd too ; a flock it feeds  
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.  
 he pasture is Thy word : the streams, Thy Grace  
 Enriching all the place.  
 epherd and flock shall fing, and all my powers  
 Out-fing the day-light houres.

*George Herbert.*

## XI.

“ An Hymne of the Nativity, fung  
by the Shepheards.”

## CHORUS.



COME we shepheards whose blest fig  
Hath met Loves noone, in Natures r  
Come lift we up our loftier song,  
And wake the Sun that lyes too lor

To all our world of well-ftoln joy,  
He fleep, and dreamt of no fuch thing;  
While we found out Heav'ns fairer eye,  
And kift the cradle of our King;  
Tell him he rifes now too late,  
To fhow us ought worth looking at.

Tell him we now can fhow him more  
Than he e're fhowd to mortall fight,  
Than he himfelf e're faw before  
Which to be feen needs not his light;  
Tell him Tityrus where th' haft been,  
Tell him Thyrfis what th' haft feen.

*Tit.* Gloomy night embrac't the place  
Where the noble Infant lay,  
The Babe look't up and fhow'd His face,  
In fpite of darkneffe it was day

It was Thy day, Sweet ! and did rise,  
Not from the East, but from Thine eyes.

*Thyrs.* Winter chid aloud, and sent  
The angry North to wage his wars,  
The North forgot his fierce intent,  
And left perfumes instead of scars,  
By those sweet eyes perswasive powers,  
Where he mean't frost, he scatter'd flowers.

*Both.* We saw Thee in Thy Balmey Nest  
Bright dawn of our eternal day !  
We saw Thine eyes break from Their East,  
And chase the trembling shades away.  
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,  
We saw Thee by Thine owne sweet light.

*Tit.* Poore world said I, what wilt thou doe  
To entertaine this starrie stranger ?  
Is this the best thou canst bestow  
A cold, and not too cleanly manger ?  
Contend ye powers of heav'n and earth  
To fit a bed for this huge birth.

*Thyrs.* Proud world said I, cease your contest,  
And let the mighty Babe alone,  
The Phoenix builds the Phoenix nest,  
Love's Architecture is all one.  
The Babe whose Birth embraces this morne,  
Made His own Bed ere He was borne.

*Tit.* I saw the curl'd drops, soft and flow,  
Come hovering ore the places head,  
Offering their whitest sheets of snow,  
To furnish the faire Infant's Bed :  
Forbeare said I, be not too bold  
Your fleece is white, but 'tis too cold.

*Tbyrs.* I saw the obsequious Seraphins  
Their Rosie Fleece of Fire bestow,  
For well they now can spare their wings  
Since Heaven it selfe lyes here below :  
Well done said I, but are you sure  
Your downe so warme, will pass for pure.

*Tit.* No, no, your King's not yet to seeke  
Where to repose His Royall Head,  
See, see, how soone His new-bloom'd cheek  
Twixt's mothers breasts is gone to bed.  
Sweet choice said I, no way but so  
Not to lye cold, yet sleep in snow.

*Both.* We saw Thee in thy Baulmey nest  
Bright Dawn of our eternall Day,  
We saw Thine eyes breake from Their East,  
And chase the trembling shades away.  
We saw Thee, and we blest the sight,  
We saw Thee, by Thine owne sweet light.

## FULL CHORUS.

Welcome all wonders in one sight !  
Eternitie shut in a span,

Summer in winter, day in night,  
Heaven in Earth, and God in man ;  
Great little one ! Whose all embracing birth  
Lift's earth to heav'n, stoops heav'n to earth.

Welcome though not to gold nor filke,  
To more than Cæsars birthright is ;  
Two Sifter Seas of Virgin Milke,  
With many a rarely temper'd Kisse  
That breath's at once both Maide and Mother,  
Warmes in the one, cooles in the other.

She sings Thy Teares a sleep, and dips  
Her kisses in Thy weeping eye,  
She spreads the red leaves of Thy lips,  
That in Their buds yet blushing lye.  
She 'gainst those Mother Diamonds tries  
The points of her young Eagles eyes.

Welcome, though not to those gay flies  
Guiled i' th' beames of earthly Kings,  
Slippery foules in smiling eyes,  
But to poor Shepheards, home-spun things,  
Whose wealth's their flock ; whose wit to be  
Well read in their simplicitie.

Yet when young Aprill's husband showers,  
Shall bleffe the fruitfull Maia's bed,  
Wee'l bring the first borne of her flowers,  
To kisse Thy feet and crowne Thy head.

To Thee dread Lamb! whose love must kee  
The shepheards more than they their sheepe.

To Thee meeke Majestie! soft King  
Of simple Graces and sweet Loves;  
Each of us his Lamb will bring,  
Each his paire of Silver Doves,  
Till burnt at last in fire of Thy faire eyes,  
Our selves become our owne best sacrifice.

*Richard Crafshaw*

XII.

“ The Shepheard’s Song : a Caroll  
Himne for Christmas.”



SWEET Musicke, sweeter farre  
Then any song is sweet :  
Sweet Musicke heavenly rare,  
Mine cares, O peeres, doth greet  
Your gentle flocks, whose fleeces, pearl’d with dew  
Refemble heaven, whom golden drops make bri  
Listen, O listen now, O not to you  
Our pipes make sport to shorten wearie night  
But voyces most divine  
Make blisfull harmonie :  
Voyces that seeme to shine,  
For what else cleares the skie?  
Tunes can we heare, but not the fingers see,  
The tunes divine, and so the fingers be.

ow the firmament  
hin an azure fold  
ock of starres hath pent,  
t we might them behold.  
om their beames proceedeth not this light,  
can their chriftals such reflection give.  
then doth make the element so bright?  
heavens are come downe upon earth to live.  
rken to the song,  
ry to glories king,  
eace all men among,  
se querifters doe sing.  
they are, as also, Shepheards, hee  
in our feare we doe admire to see.

at amazement blinde  
r foules, said he, annoy :  
u and all mankinde  
message bringeth ioy.  
e the world's great Shepheard now is borne,  
lessed babe, an infant full of power :  
ong night, up-risen is the morne,  
owning Bethlem in the Saviour.  
is the perfect day,  
prophets seene a farre :  
is the mirthfull May,  
ich Winter cannot marre.  
vid's citie doth this funne appeare :  
ed in flesh, yet Shepheards fit we here.

*Edmund Bolton.*

From "England's Helicon."




## XIII.

## “ Christmas Day.”

## Song xlvī.

## (1)


 S on the night before theis happie M  
 A blessed Angell unto Shepheard  
 Where (in a Stable) He was poorely  
 Whom, nor the earth, nor Hea  
 Heav'ns can hold :  
 Through Bethlem rung  
 This newes at their returne ;  
 Yea Angells sung,  
 That God with us was borne :  
 And they made mirth becaufe we should not m

## CHORUS.

Their Angell-Caroll sing we then,  
 To God on high all glorie be,  
 For Peace on earth bestoweth He,  
 And showeth favour unto men.

## (2)

This favour Christ vouchsafed for our sake  
 To buy us Thrones, He in a Manger lay  
 Our Weaknesse tooke, that we His Strength might  
 And was disrob'd, that He might us aray,

Our flesh He wore,  
Our Sinne to weare away.  
Our Curſe He bore,  
That we eſcape it may.  
And Wept for us, that we might ſing for aye.

## CHORUS.

With Angells therefore ſing agen,  
To God on high all glorie be ;  
For Peece on Earth beſtoweth He ;  
And ſhoweth favour unto men.

*George Witber.*

## XIV.

## “ Chriſts Nativity.”



WAKE, glad heart ! get up, and Sing !  
It is the Birth-day of thy King.  
Awake ! awake !  
The Sun doth ſhake  
Light from his locks, and, all the way  
Breathing Perfumes, doth ſpice the day.

Awake, awake ! heark how th' wood rings,  
Winds whiſper, and the buſie ſprings  
A Concert make ;  
Awake ! awake !  
Man is their high-prieſt, and ſhould riſe  
To offer up the ſacrifice.

I would I were some Bird, or star,  
 Flutt'ring in words, or lifted far  
     Above this Inne  
     And Rode of fin!  
 Then either Star or Bird should be  
 Shining or singing still to Thee.

I would I had in my best part  
 Fit Roomes for Thee! or that my heart  
     Were so clean as  
     Thy Manger was!  
 But I am all filth, and obscene;  
 Yet, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make clean.

Sweet Jesu! will then; Let no more  
 This Leper haunt and foyl thy door!  
     Cure him, Ease him,  
     O release him!  
 And let once more, by mistick birth,  
 The Lord of life be born in Earth.  
*Henry Vaughn*

xv.

“ Carrol for Christmas-day.”

**M**Y Soule; why art thou thus deject?  
 And why art thou disturbd in m  
 Trust thou in God; His ayde expe  
     Who is the onely helpe for thee  
 And doth thy Sighes, and Sorrowes see.

hat Hee once, the Heavens would reave,  
 d fo come downe. For, Prophets tell,  
 d a Virgin shall conceive,  
 onne, fore-nam'd Emmanuel,  
 o shall descend, with us to dwell.


ee: that Heavenly Newes comes downe;  
 at joy, to all Men shall afford:  
 day is borne, in Davids Towne,  
 aviour, which is Christ the Lord,  
 ording to His Holy Word.

s the Day, the Lord hath made:  
 us rejoyce therein with Mirth.  
 e not thou, my Soule, so fad:  
 , since thy God is borne on Earth;  
 ; Hallelujah, at His Birth.

*William Austin.*

xvi.

An Hymn on the Nativity of my  
Saviour."


 SING the birth was born to-night,  
 The author both of life and light;  
 The angels so did found it.  
 And like the ravish'd shepherds said,  
 Saw the light, and were afraid,  
 Search'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,  
 That did us all Salvation bring,  
 And freed the soul from danger ;  
 He whom the whole world could not take,  
 The Word, which heaven and earth did make,  
 Was now laid in a manger.

The Father's wisdom will'd it so,  
 The Son's obedience knew no No,  
 Both wills were in one stature ;  
 And as that wisdom had decreed,  
 The Word was now made Flesh indeed,  
 And took on Him our nature.

What comfort by Him do we win,  
 Who made Himself the price of sin,  
 To make us heirs of Glory !  
 To see this babe, all innocence  
 A martyr born in our defence :  
 Can man forget this story ?

*Ben : Jonson.*

XVII.

### “ Antheme for Christmas Day



MMORTALL babe who this dear  
 Didst change Thine Heaven for our  
 And didst with flesh Thy Godhead  
 Eternal Son of God, All-hail !

Shine happy Star, ye Angels, sing  
 Glory on high to Heavens King:  
 Run Shepherds, leave your nightly watch,  
 See Heaven come down to Bethleem's cratch.


Worship ye Sages of the East  
 The King of Gods in meannefs drest.  
 O blessed maid smile and adore  
 The God Thy womb and armes have bore.

Star, Angels, Shepherds, and wise sages;  
 Thou Virgin glory of all ages,  
 Restored frame of Heaven and Earth  
 Joy in your dear Redeemers Birth.

*Joseph Hall.*

XVIII.

“ A Childe my choice.”

ET folly praise  
           that fancie loves:  
 I praise and love that Childe,  
       Whose heart no thought,  
       whose tongue no word,  
       whose hand no deed defil'd.  
 I praise Him most,  
       I love Him best,  
       all praise and love is His:  
 While Him I love,  
       in Him I live,  
       and cannot live amisse.

Loves sweetest marke,  
    lauds highest theme,  
    mans most desired light;  
To love Him, life;  
    to leave Him, death;  
    to live in Him, delight.  
He mine by gift,  
I His by debt,  
    thus each to other's due :  
First friend He was,  
    best friend He is,  
    all times will try Him true.

Though yong yet wife,  
    though small yet strong,  
    though man, yet God He is.  
As wife, He knowes,  
    as strong, He can,  
    as God, He loves to blisse :  
His knowledge rules,  
    His strength defends,  
    His love doth cherish all :  
His birth our joy,  
    His life our light,  
    His death our end of thrall.


Alas He weepes,  
    He sighs, He panes,  
    Yet do His Angels sing :  
Out of His teares,


His sighs and throbs,  
 doth bud a joyfull spring.  
 Almighty Babe,  
 whose tender armes,  
 can force all foes to flie ;  
 Correct my faults,  
 protect my life,  
 direct me when I die.

*Robert Southwell.*

XIX.

### “ For Christmas Day.”

 EIOYCE, reioyce, with hart and voyce,  
 In Chriftes birth this day reioyce.

 From Virgins wombe this day did spring  
 e precious feede that onely faved man :  
 day let man reioyce and sweetely fmg,  
 ce on this day falvation fyrft began.  
 day did Chryfte mans foule from death remove,  
 glorious faintes to dwell in heaven above.

day to man came pledge of perfect peace,  
 is day to man came love and unitie ;  
 lay mans greefe began for to furceafe,  
 is day did man receive a remedie,  
 he offence, and every deadly finne,  
 guiltie hart, that erft he wandred in.



In Christes flocke let love be surely plaste,  
 From Christes flocke let concorde hate ex  
 Of Christes flocke let love be so embrace,  
 As we in Christe, and Christe in us may  
 Christe is the authour of all unitie,  
 From whence proceedeth all felicitie.

O syng unto this glittering glorious King,  
 O prayse His name let every living thing:  
 Let hart and voyce like belles of silver ring  
 The comfort that this day did bring.  
 Let Lute, let Shalme, with sounde of sweete  
 The ioy of Christes birth this day refight.

*Francis Kinwelmer,*

From "The Paradife of Dayntie"

xx.

### "Christmas Carol."



LOVELY voices of the sky,  
 That hymn'd the Saviour's birth  
 Are ye not finging still on high,  
 Ye that sang, "Peace on earth  
 To us yet speak the strains  
 Wherewith, in days gone by,  
 Ye blest'd the Syrian swains,  
 O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light, whose beams  
 That hour Heaven's glory shed


Around the palms, and o'er the streams,  
And on the Shepherds' head ;  
Be near, through life and death,  
As in that holiest night  
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,  
O clear and shining light !

O star which led to Him, whose love  
Brought down man's ransom free ;  
Where art thou ?—'midst the hosts above,  
May we still gaze on thee ?—  
In heaven thou art not set,  
Thy rays earth might not dim—  
Send them to guide us yet !  
O star which led to Him !

*Felicia Hemans.*

## XXI.

## “The Prince of Salem.”

HEN Jordan hushed his waters still,  
And silence slept on Zion hill ;  
When Bethlehem's shepherds through  
the night  
Watched o'er their flocks by starry light :  
Hark ! from the midnight hills around,  
A voice of more than mortal sound,  
In distant hallelujahs stole,  
Wild murmuring o'er the raptur'd soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,  
New streams of glory light the sky ;  
Heaven burst her azure gates to pour  
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,  
The glorious hosts of Zion came ;  
High heaven with songs of triumph rang,  
While thus they struck their harps and fan

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

See, Mercy from her golden urn  
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;  
Behold, she binds, with tender care,  
The bleeding bosom of Despair.

He comes ! to cheer the trembling heart ;  
Bids Satan and his host depart :  
Again the Day-star gilds the gloom,  
Again the bowers of Eden bloom !

O Zion ! lift thy raptured eye,  
The long-expected hour is nigh ;  
The joys of nature rise again,  
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

*Thomas Campi*

XXII.

## “A Cradle Hymn.”



USH! my dear, lie still and slumber,  
Holy angels guard thy bed!  
Heav'nly blessings, without number,  
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe! thy food and raiment,  
House and home, thy friends provide;  
All without thy care or payment,  
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be;  
When from heav'n He descended,  
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle,  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay;  
When His birth-place was a stable,  
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessed Babe! what glorious features  
Spotless fair! Divinely bright!  
Must he dwell with brutal creatures?  
How could angels bear the sight?

Was there nothing but a manger  
Curst sinners could afford,

To receive the heav'nly stranger ?  
Did they thus affront their Lord ?

Soft, my child ! I did not chide thee,  
Though my fong might sound too hard !  
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,  
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,  
How the Jews abus'd their King,  
How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,  
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round Him,  
Telling wonders from the sky !  
Where they fought Him, there they found H  
With His Virgin Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a-dreſſing,  
Lovely Infant how he ſmil'd !  
When he wept, the mother's bleſſing  
Sooth'd and huſh'd the holy child.

Lo, He ſlumbers in His manger,  
Where the horned oxen fed :  
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,  
Here's no ox a near thy bed.

'Twas to ſave thee, child, from dying,  
Save my dear from burning flame,  
Bitter groans, and endleſs crying,  
That thy bleſt Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,  
 Trust and love Him all thy days ;  
 When go dwell for ever near Him,  
 See His face, and sing His praise !  
 could give thee thousand kisses,  
 Hoping what I must desire ;  
 Not a mother's fondest wishes  
 Can to greater joys aspire.

*Isaac Watts.*





## Additional Christmas Pieces.

I.

### “The Shepherds.”

**S**WEET, harmless lives! on whose hol-  
leisure  
Waits Innocence and pleasure,  
Whose leaders to those pastures and c-  
springs

Were Patriarchs, Saints, and Kings;  
How happend it that in the dead of night  
You only saw true light,  
While Palestine was fast asleep, and lay  
Without one thought of Day?  
Was it because those first and blessed swains  
Were pilgrims on those plains,  
When they receiv'd the promise, for which now  
'Twas there first shown to you?  
'Tis true, He loves that Dust whereon they go  
That serve Him here below,  
And therefore might for memory of those  
His love there first disclose;  
But wretched Salem once His love, must now  
No voice nor vision know,

tely Piles with all their height and pride  
anguished and died,  
Bethlem's humble Cotts above them slept,  
all her Seers slept;  
dar firr, hew'd stones, and gold were all  
d through their fall,  
ofe once sacred mansions were now  
mptiness and show.  
ade the Angel call at reeds and thatch,  
ere the shepherds watch,  
od's own lodging though He could not lack,  
a common Kack ;  
ly pride, no soft-cloath'd luxurie,  
e their Cels could lie ;  
ring wind and storm blew through their Cots,  
never harbour'd plots ;  
ontent and love and humble joys  
here without all noise ;  
s some harmless Cares for the next day  
their bosomes play,  
re to lead their sheep, what silent nook,  
prings or shades to look ;  
t was all ; And now with gladsome care  
or the town prepare ;  
ave their flock, and in a busie talk  
wards Bethlem walk  
their soul's great Shepherd, who was come,  
ig all straglers home ;  
now they find Him out, and taught before,  
amb of God adore,



That Lamb whose daies great Kings and Prop  
 with'd  
 And long'd to see, but miss'd.  
 The first light they beheld was bright and gay,  
 And turn'd their night to day;  
 But to this later light they saw in Him,  
 Their day was dark and dim.

*Henry Vaughan.*

II.

“ Christ His Crib.”

**W**HAT fury haunteth us,  
 that we so much delight,  
 To stand and gaze on monumen  
 of auncient former fight?  
 Of pleasure what find we,  
 in sumptuous buildings new:  
 Such as our ancestors before,  
 the like nere saw nor knew?  
 Behold the time is such,  
 vanitie beareth sway:  
 And fancie fond the wit doth rule,  
 till both come to decay.  
 For every private man,  
 a modull takes in hand,  
 Where wit and will, and wealth do meet  
 are many platformes scand.  
 Some costly buildings reare,  
 and pull them downe againe:

And otherfome altar and change,  
as fanſie feedes the braine.  
And ſome foundation laies,  
and yer the worke be done :  
Doth take his leave and goeth his waie,  
and leaves it to his ſonne.  
The ſonne doth much miſlike  
the worke the father wrought,  
And yer his fancie can be fed,  
confumes himſelfe to nought.  
Of other ſome there be,  
having of treaſure ſtore :  
Which when a worke they finiſht have,  
yet ſtill deviſeth more.  
What pleaſure now have ſuch,  
in lieu of coſt and paine,  
For only but to feed the eie,  
in vanitie moſt vaine.  
But if you faine would ſee,  
a monument indeed :  
Then go with me and run apace,  
the better we ſhall ſpeed.  
I will you ſhew a fight,  
more worth to view and ſee :  
Then all the buildings on the earth,  
whatever ſo they be.  
And ſuch a fight it is,  
as all the fathers old :  
And anceſtors before their time,  
the like did nere behold.

And all that live this day,  
and on the earth remaine :  
Nor any after age that comes,  
shall see the same againe.  
Behold loe here it is,  
a Cabin poore God knowes :  
Beerent and torne, a rustie thing,  
unfurnished with showes,  
Of outward fight to see,  
a simple thatched cot :  
Where sleet and snow and raine drives in  
a ruyned place God wot.  
And yet within the same,  
a blessed babe doth lie :  
Which yeeldeth forth as infants doe,  
many a tender crie.  
This babe, even at whose becke,  
the thunder makes to quake :  
The earth beneath in trembling sort,  
and lofty skie to shake.  
Even here this infant doth  
being a mightie prince :  
And soveraigne ruler of the world,  
that shall His foes convince,  
Sucke milke from tender breast,  
of blessed Mary sure :  
Being His mother and a wife,  
and yet a virgine pure.  
I am no whit afraid,  
comparison to make :

This homelie Cabin to prefer,  
for this sweet Babiees sake,  
Before the buildings great,  
of stately Temples all,  
And sumptuous courts and palaces,  
of princes great and small.  
This stable dooth surmount  
the costly Temple wrought,  
With curious worke by Salomon,  
which (as of right it ought)  
Must yeeld and base it selfe,  
and stoope this place unto,  
In which was borne the sonne of God,  
as was His will to doe.  
So must that glorious court,  
of that high potentat,  
King Cresus he of Lydia,  
stand backe to this estate.  
And let the Capitols  
that dedicated were,  
In olde time past with Idols theirs,  
unto Dan Jupiter.  
Which though they garnisht were  
most magnificentie :  
With fine and curious workmanship,  
of marble imag'rie :  
Now yeeld this stable to,  
as subjects bond and thrall,  
As no whit to compared be,  
to this in ought at all.

Let Lady Rome strike faile,  
and under hatches go  
With stately turrets of defensee,  
hir wals and gates also.  
And let hir capitoll,  
with glasse and gold araide :  
And temple Olavitrutium  
now shake and be afraid.  
And let hir house of gold,  
bedeckt with precious stone,  
Give place with all humility  
to this poore cot alone.  
For now is falne to ground,  
the image made of gold :  
In likenesse to king Romulus,  
which should together hold,  
And stand for evermore,  
until such time a child  
Should forth proceed and so be borne  
of virgin meeke and mild.  
The image made of brasse  
in womans portraiture :  
So high, so great, and hugie was,  
for ever to endure.  
Which now is likewise falne,  
even as the artsman said :  
Yet stil shall stand until a child  
proceedeth from a maide.

\* \* \* \* \*

*William Hunn*

## III.

“ And they laid Him in a Manger.”




APPY Cribb ! thou wert alone  
To my God, Bed, Cradle, Throne,  
Whilst thy glorious vilenesse, I  
View with divine Phant'fies Eye ;  
Sordid filth seems all the Cost,  
State and Splendour, Crowns doe boast.  
See ! Heaven's sacred Majesty  
Humbled beneath Poverty.  
Swaddled up in homely Rags,  
On a Bed of Straw and Flags.  
He whose Hands the Heavens displayd,  
And the Worlds Foundations layd,  
From the World's almost exil'd,  
Of all Ornaments despoyl'd.  
Perfumes bath Him not, new born,  
Persian Mantles not adorn :  
Nor do the rich Roofs look bright  
With the Jaspers Orient Light.  
Where O Royall Infant ! be  
Th' Ensigns of Thy Majestie ?  
Thy Sires equalizing State,  
And Thy Scepter that rules Fate ?  
Where's Thy Angell-guarded Throne,  
Whence Thy Laws Thou didst make known ?

Laws which Heaven, Earth, Hell obey'd ;  
 These, all these, aside He layd ;  
 Would the Emblem be, of Pride  
 By Humility outvy'd.

*Edward Sberburne.*

IV.

“ The Sonne.”

ET foreign nations of their language boa  
 What fine variety each tongue afford  
 I like our language, as our men, and coa  
 Who cannot drefs it well, want wi  
 not words.

How neatly do we give one only name  
 To parent's issue, and the sonne's bright star !  
 A sonne is light, and fruit ; a fruitful flame,  
 Chafing the father's dimness : carried far  
 From the first man in the East, to fresh and new  
 Western discoveries of posterity.  
 So, in one word, our Lord's humility  
 We turn upon Him, in a sense most true ;  
 For, what Christ once in humbleness began,  
 We Him in glory call, The Sonne of Man.

*George Herbert.*

v.

the Blessed Virgins bashfullnesse."

**W**HAT on her lap she casts her humble eye,  
 'Tis the sweet pride of her humilitie.  
 The faire starre is well fixt, for where,

O where,  
 she have fixt it on a fairer spheare?  
 athen, 'tis heaven she sees; Heaven's God there  
 lyes,  
 I see heaven, and ne're lift up her eyes :  
 ew guest to her eyes, new lawes hath given,  
 once looke up, 'tis now looke downe to heaven.

*Richard Crashaw.*

vi.

The Virgin's meditation.

**W**HAT avails me now that honour high  
 To have conceiv'd of God, or that salute  
 Hale highly favour'd, among women blest;  
 While I to sorrows am no less advanc't  
 as eminent, above the lot  
 er women, by the birth I bore,  
 I a season born when scarce a Shed  
 be obtain'd to shelter Him or me



From the bleak air ; a Stable was our warmth,  
A Manger His, yet soon enforc't to fly  
Thence into Egypt, till the Murd'rous King  
Were dead, who fought His life, and missing fil  
With Infant blood the streets of Bethlehem ;  
From Egypt home return'd, in Nazareth  
Hath been our dwelling many years, His life  
Private, unactive, calm, contemplative,  
Little suspicious to any King ; but now  
Full grown to Man, acknowledg'd, as I hear,  
By John the Baptist, and in public shown,  
Son own'd from Heav'n by His Father's voice ;  
I look'd for some great change ; to Honour ? N  
But trouble, as old Simeon plain fore-told,  
That to the full and rising He should be  
Of many in Israel, and to a sign  
Spoken against, that through my very Soul  
A sword shall pierce, this is my favour'd lot,  
My Exaltation to Afflictions high ;  
Afflicted I may be, it seems, and blest ;  
I will not argue that, nor will repine.

\* \* \* \* \*


Thus Mary pondring oft, and oft to mind  
Recalling what remarkably had pass'd  
Since first her Salutation heard, with thoughts  
Meekly compos'd awaited the fulfilling.

*John Milton*

vii.

## “ Luke 2.”

*Nunc Dimittis.*

 THOU who art inthron'd on high,  
In peace now let Thy servant die,  
Whose hope on Thee relies :  
For Thou, whose words and deeds are one,  
length hast Thy Salvation showne  
To these my ravish't Eies.

Thee, before Thy Hands displaid  
e Heavens, and Earths Foundation laid,  
Unto the World decree'd :  
Lampe to give the Gentiles Light ;  
glory, O how infinite !  
To Israels faithfull Seed.

*George Sandys.*

## Sunday after Christmas.

Arise, shine ; for thy light is come,  
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.  
For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,  
And gross darkness the people :  
But the Lord shall arise upon thee,  
And his glory shall be seen upon thee.  
And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,  
And Kings to the brightness of thy rising.

*Isaiab. lx. 1, 2, 3.*



## I.

unday after Christmas Day.”

**H** for a psalm of everlasting praise  
To chaunt, great God, Thy love to  
thankless man !

**T**hat love which from the dust his form  
did raise,

with a soul his Maker's work to scan,  
w Thce present through the all-perfect plan !  
y great master-piece on earth he stood,  
ll his days 'mid fields of pleasure ran ;  
Free of Life gave him immortal food,  
y thought he knew, was happy, wise and good.

stupendous love was none, compar'd  
that exceeding grace in Jesus shown ;  
o redeem, the Almighty arm was bared,  
wrought salvation—work for God alone ;  
hine own Son forfook His Father's throne,  
our frail nature of the spotless maid,  
ne on work of mercy to His own ;  
nt to be rejected and betray'd,  
etrayers' sins on His meek head were laid !

Vouchsafe, O Lord, now that dread work is past,  
 And man redeemed, its blessings we may prove,  
 Grant that our hearts, in heavenly mould recast,  
 May bear sweet impress of such matchless love,  
 And after idols never more may rove ;  
 Oh, grant, that once again adopted Thine,  
 Our wills subservient to Thy will may move,  
 Till rich in works of Christian faith we shine,  
 And sweetly lead on earth once more the life divine.

*Samuel Richards.*

### “ Holy Sonnets.”

*“ La Corona.”*

**D**EIGNÉ at my hands this crowne of prayer  
 and praise,  
 Weav'd in my lone devout melancholy,  
 Thou which of good, hast, yea art treasure,  
 All changing unchang'd Ancient of dayes,  
 But doe not with a vile crowne of fraile bayes,  
 Reward my muses white sinceritie,  
 But what Thy thorny crowne gain'd, that give mee,  
 A crowne of Glory, which doth flower alwayes :  
 The ends crowne our workes, but Thou crown'st our  
 ends,  
 For at our ends begin our endlesse rest,  
 The first last end, now zealously possesse,  
 With a strong sober thirst, my soule attends.  
 'Tis time that heart and voyce be lifted high,  
 Salvation to all that will, is nigh.

*Annunciation.*

ON to all that will is nigh,  
 , which alwayes is all every where,  
 annot finne, and yet all finnes must beare,  
 annot die, yet cannot chuse but die,  
 ifull Virgin, yeelds Himselfe to lie  
 , in thy wombe ; and though Hee there  
 no finne, nor thou give, yet Hee'll weare  
 m thence, flesh, which deaths force may trie.  
 ie spheares time was created thou  
 His minde, who is thy Sonne, and Brother,  
 ou conceiv'ft conceived ; yea thou art now  
 kers maker, and thy Fathers mother,  
 ft light in darke, and shutt'ft in little roome,  
 ie cloyftered in thy deare wombe.

*Nativitie.*

ie cloyster'd in thy dear wombe,  
 ves His welbelov'd imprisonment,  
 e hath made Himselfe to His intent  
 ough, now into our world to come ;  
 or thee, for Him, hath th' Inne no roome ?  
 Him in this stall, and from the Orient,  
 nd wisemen will travell to prevent  
 ts of Herods jealous generall doome.  
 1, my Soule, with thy faiths eye, how He  
 ls all place, yet none holds Him, doth lie ?  
 His pity towards thee wondrous high,  
 uld have need to be pittied by thee ?

Kisse Him, and with Him into Egypt goe,  
With His kinde mother, who partakes thy we

*Temple.*

WITH His kinde mother, who partakes thy w  
Joseph turne backe ; see where your child doe  
Blowing, yea blowing out those sparks of wit,  
Which Himselfe on the Doctors did bestow ;  
The Word but lately could not speake, and k  
It suddenly speakes wonders, whence comes it  
That all which was, and all which should be  
A shallow seeming child, should deeply know  
His Godhead was not soule to His manhood,  
Nor had time mellowed Him to this ripenesse  
But as for one which hath a long taske, 'tis ge  
With the Sunne to begin his businesse,  
He in His ages morning thus began,  
By miracles exceeding power of man.

*John Doe*

III.

“ The Incarnation, and Passio



ORD! when Thoudidst Thy selfe un  
Laying by Thy robes of glory,  
To make us more Thou wouldst b  
And becam't a wofull story.

To put on Clouds instead of light,  
And cloath the morning-starre with dust,

flation of such height  
in Thee, was ne'r exprest.

mes and Earth ! that thus could have  
enclof'd within your Cell,  
er pent up in a grave,  
kt in death, heav'n in a shell !

care Lord ! what couldst Thou spy  
impure, rebellious clay,  
e Thee thus resolve to dye  
se that kill Thee every day ?

range wonders could Thee move  
at Thy precious blood, and breath ?  
is Love my Lord ; for Love  
stronger far than death !

*Henry Vaughan.*

IV.

“ Psalm II.”

HY gath'ring rag'd the realms so wild,  
What dreams have heathen hearts beguil'd ?  
They rouse them, all the kings of earth,  
The Powers in council are gone forth,  
the Lord who rules above,  
th' Anointed of His love.

break we all their bonds in twain,  
we cast them, cord and chain,”—



He scorns them, who in Heav'n abides,  
Their doings God on high derides.  
Then shall He speak to them in wrath,  
In withering anger blast their path :

“ My King I have anointed still  
“ On Zion, Mine own holy hill.”  
Now let Me tell the high decree :—  
The Lord spake out, He spake to Me—  
“ Thou art My Son,” He said, “ to-day  
“ Begotten : ask, and win Thy way :

“ Ask, and I bid the realms be Thine,  
“ All ends of earth Thy lot assign,  
“ To bruise with iron rod, to spurn  
“ And shiver like a potter's urn.”  
Now therefore, O ye kings, be wise,  
Ye lords of earth, your hearts chastise.

Serve God in fear : before the Throne  
In awe rejoice, and kiss the Son ;  
Lest He be wroth, and ye, astray  
And helpless, perish off the way :  
Soon will His ire blaze out in power,  
O blest, who lean on Him that hour.

*John Keble.*

v.

## “ Psalm VIII.”

**W**ORD, how illustrious is Thy Name !  
Whose pow'r both Heav'n and Earth pro-  
clame !

Thy Glorie Thou hast set on hie,  
The marble-arched Skie.  
Orders of Thy power Thou hast  
Hills of babes and sucklings plac't ;  
Thou might'st Thy foes confound,  
Or in malice most abound.

Thy pure Heaven, Thy fabricke see,  
Thy Moon and Starres dispos'd by Thee ;  
Thy is man or his fraile Race,  
Thou shouldst such a Shadow grace !

Thy Angels most renown'd ;  
Thy Majesty and Glory crown'd ;  
Thy King of all Thy Creatures made ;  
Thy beneath his feet hast layd :  
Thy on Dales or Mountaines feed,  
Thy in shady Woods or Deserts breed ;  
Thy in the airy Region glide,  
Thy through the rowling Ocean slide.

How illustrious is Thy Name,  
Thy power both Heaven and Earth proclame !

*George Sandys.*

## VI.

## “ Psalm LXXII.”



HE King, Iehovah, with Thy Iust  
crowne ;  
And in a God-like reigne His Sor  
nowne.

He shall with equity Thy People sway ;  
And Iudgment in the scales of Iustice waigh.  
Then little hils shall riot with increafe ;  
And Mountaines flourish in the fruits of Peac  
He shall the Poore from violence protect ;  
Exalt the Humble, and the Proud deject.  
They, while the restlesse Sunne directs the Ye  
While Moonsincreafe and wain, Thy Name sha  
He shall descend like plenty-dropping showres  
Which cloath the Earth, and fill her Lapwith fl  
The Iust shall flourish in His happy daies,  
And Peace abound, while Stars extend their I  
He shall from Sea to Sea inlarge His Raigne ;  
From swift Euphrates to the farthest Maine.  
The wild inhabitants, that live by prey,  
In scorched Deserts, shall His Rule obey.  
His Foes shall licke the dust, rich with their f  
Kings of the Ocean, and Sea-grasped Iles,  
Shall orient Pearle, and sparkling stones prefer  
Gold from the Sun-burnt Æthiopians sent.  
The swart Sabæans, and Panchaia's King  
Shall Cassia, Myrrhe, and sacred Incense bring

ings shall homage to this King afford ;  
tions shall receive Him for their Lord.  
ll th' Oppressed heare, the Poore defend ;  
leedy save, and such as have no friend :  
ne their Soules from fraud, and violence ;  
all with bloud revenge their blouds expenſe.  
is, He long and happily shall live :  
m they shall the Gold of Sheba give.  
ople for their King shall hourelly pray ;  
aifes ſing, and bleſſe Him Day by Day.  
rops of Corn ſhall on the high mountains grow,  
ake like Cedars when rough tempeſts blow.  
itizens ſhall proſper, and abound  
lades of Graſſe, which clothe the pregnant  
ground.  
ame ſhall laſt to all eternity :  
while the Sunne illuminates the Sky.  
tions ſhall in Him be bleſt : Him all  
bitable Earth ſhall bleſſed call.  
ſed be our God ! That King of Kings,  
nely can accompliſh wondrous things !  
er celebrate His glorious Name,  
l the world with His illuſtrious fame.

*George Sandys.*





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PART III.

**Infancy of our Blessed Lord.**

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Festivals included in Christmas time.

*(St. Stephen's Day.)*

Stephen, full of faith and power,  
Did great wonders and miracles  
Among the people.

There arose certain,  
Disputing with Stephen.  
And they were not able to resist  
The wisdom and the spirit  
By which he spake.

Then they suborned men,  
Which said, We have heard him speak  
Blasphemous words  
Against Moses, and against God.

And all that sat in the council,  
Looking steadfastly on him,  
Saw his face as it had been  
The face of an angel.

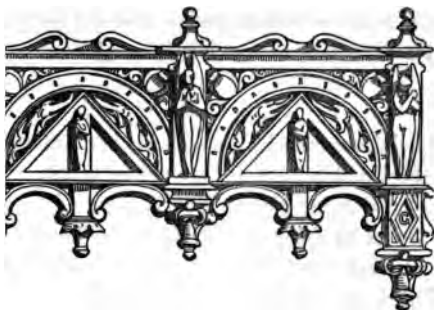
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And he said—Behold, I see,  
The heavens opened, and the Son of Man  
Standing on the right hand of God.

Then they cried out  
With a loud voice,  
And stopped their ears,  
And ran upon him  
With one accord,

And they stoned Stephen,  
Calling upon God, and saying,  
Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.

*Acts. chs. vii. and viii.*



1.

“ St. Stephen’s Day.”

Song lxiii.

1.

**W**ORD with what zeale did Thy first Martyr’s  
 breath  
 Thy blessed truth, to such as him  
 withstood !

That stout mind embraced he his death !  
 Only witnesse sealing with his blood !  
 Aife is Thine, that him so strong did’st make  
 erst is he that died for Thy sake.

2.

ached love in him appear’d to be,  
 n for his murth’rous Foes he did intreat :  
 ing eie made bright by Faith had he ;  
 he beheld Thee in Thy glory set ;



And so unmoov'd his patience he did keepe,  
Hee di'de as if he had but falne asleepe.


3.

Our luke-warme hearts with his hot Zeale enflame,  
So Constant, and so Loving, let us be ;  
So let us living glorifie Thy Name ;  
So let us dying fixe our Eies on Thee :  
And when the sleepe of death shall us o'retake,  
With him to Life eternall us awake.

*George Wither.*

II.

“ St. Stephen's Day.”

IGHTFUL Prince of martyrs thou,  
Bind thy crown about thy brow ;  
Fairer far than fading wreath,  
Weave we this thy crown of death.

Like a gem each rugged stone,  
Sparkling with life-blood, shone ;  
Nor could stars more brightly shine,  
Studded round thy head divine.

From thy forehead's gushing streams  
Dart a thousand blending beams,  
Till thy glowing countenance  
Lightens to an Angel's glance.

Thou the first-flain victim free  
 To Him, the Victim flain for thee :  
 Thou the first thy Lord to own,  
 Sharer of His thorny crown.

First to tread the pointed road  
 Through the deep Red sea of blood :—  
 Prince of martyrs, thee behind  
 What a countless army wind ?

Thou of Virgin-mother born,  
 In this wintry world forlorn ;  
     Jesu, Lord, all praise to Thee.  
 All glory be to Father, Son,  
 And Holy Spirit, Three in One,  
 Unto all eternity.

*Will. J. Copeland,*  
 from the Latin.

III.

“ St. Stephen’s Day.”



HE Son of God goes forth to war,  
 A Kingly Crown to gain ;  
 His blood-red banner streams afar !  
 Who follows in His train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe  
 Triumphant over pain,  
 Who patient bears his cross below,  
 He follows in His train !

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave ;  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He pray'd for them that did the wrong !  
Who follows in his train ?

A glorious band, the chosen few  
On whom the Spirit came ;  
Twelve valiant Saints, their hopes they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.

They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel,  
The lion's gory mane ;  
They bow'd their necks the death to feel !  
Who follows in their train ?

A noble army—men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around their Saviour's throne rejoice,  
In robes of light array'd.

They climbed the steep ascent of Heaven,  
Through peril, toil, and pain !  
O God ! to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train !

*Reginald Heber.*

## IV.

## “ St. Stephen’s Day.”

S rays around the source of light  
Stream upward ere he glow in fight,  
And watching by his future flight  
Set the clear heavens on fire ;  
The King of Martyrs wait  
Loosen bands, in royal state,  
Earth owns, of good and great,  
Her’d in that choir.

Flies on, and welcomes death :  
Only yields his willing breath,  
Nor, nor hurrying, but in faith  
Went to die or live :  
The, the darlings of their Lord,  
Ling with the flame and sword,  
As they speak, to His sure word  
Unconscious witnesses give.

Soft and nearest to His throne,  
Soft robes of triumph known,  
Soft Him in look and tone,  
Only Stephen kneels,  
Soft gaze, as when the sky  
Gave to his fainting eye,  
Like a fading lamp, flash’d high,  
; what death conceals.

Well might you guess what vision bright  
Was present to his raptur'd fight,  
Even as reflected streams of light

    Their solar source betray—  
The glory which our God surrounds,  
The Son of Man, th' atoning wounds—  
He sees them all; and earth's dull bounds  
    Are melting fast away.

He sees them all—no other view  
Could stamp the Saviour's likeness true,  
Or with His love so deep embue

    Man's sullen heart and gross—

“Jesu, do Thou my foul receive:

“Jesu, do Thou my foes forgive:”

He who would learn that prayer, must live  
    Under the holy Cross.

He, though he seem on earth to move,  
Must glide in air like gentle dove,  
From yon unclouded depths above

    Must draw his purer breath;  
Till men behold his angel face  
All radiant with celestial grace,  
Martyr all o'er, and meet to trace  
    The lines of Jesus' death.

*John Keble.*

## St. John's Day.

Now there was leaning on Jefus' bosom  
One of his difciples, whom Jefus loved.

*St John, xiii. 23.*

The difciple whom Jefus loved :  
Which alfo leaned on his breaft, at fupper.

*St. John, xxi. 20.*

For the life was manifested,  
And we have feen it, and bear witnefs,  
And fhew unto you that eternal life,  
Which was with the Father,  
And was manifested unto us.

*I Ep. John, i. 2.*



1.

“ St. John’s Day.”

Song lxiv.

1.

**E**ACH us by his example Lord,  
 For whom we honour Thee, to  
 And grant, his witnesse of Thy W  
 Thy Church enlighten ever may  
 And as belov’d, oh Christ he was,  
 And therefore leaned on Thy breast ;  
 So let us also in Thy grace,  
 And on Thy Sacred bosome rest.

2.

Into us breath that Life Divine,  
 Whose Testimonie he intends ;  
 About us cause Thy Light to shine,  
 That which no Darknesse comprehends :  
 And let that ever-blessed Word,  
 Which all things did create of nought,  
 Anew create us now, oh Lord,  
 Whose ruine fin hath almost wrought.

## 3.

Holy Faith we doe professe,  
 to Thy Fellowship receive ;  
 Whom we heartily confesse,  
 Thy pardon therefore let us have :  
 As to us Thy servant gives  
 Satisfaction thus to honour Thee ;  
 O, let our Words and Lives,  
 Lights and Guides to others be.  
*George Wither.*

## II.

Festival Hymnes." " An Hymn  
 upon St. John's Day."

HIS day  
 We sing  
 The friend of our eternal King,  
 Who in His bosome lay,  
 Got the Keys  
 Of profound and glorious Mysteries :  
 To the world dispensed by his hand,  
 Made it stand  
 In amazement to behold that light  
 Which came  
 From the Throne of the Lamb,  
 To invite



Our wretched eyes (which nothing else could  
But fire and sword, hunger and miserie)

To anticipate by their ravish'd sight

The beauty of Celestial delight.

Myſterious God, regard me when I pray :

And when this load of clay

Shall fall away,

O let Thy gracious hand conduct me up,

Where on the Lambs rich viands I may ſup

And that in this laſt ſup

May with Thy friend in Thy ſweet boſome

For ever in Eternity.

Allelujah.

*Jeremy :*

III.

“ St. John The Evangelist's Day



H God ! who gav'ſt Thy ſervant  
Amid the ſtorms of life diſtreſs  
To look on Thine incarnate face  
And lean on Thy protecting b

To ſee the light that dimly ſhone,

Eclipſed for us in ſorrow pale,

Pure Image of the Eternal One !

Through ſhadows of Thy mortal veil !

Be ours, O King of Mercy ! ſtill

To feel Thy preſence from above,

And in Thy word, and in Thy will,  
To hear Thy voice and know Thy love :  
And when the toils of life are done,  
And nature waits Thy dread decree,  
To find our rest beneath Thy throne,  
And look, in humble hope, to Thee.  
*Reginald Heber.*

## IV.

## “ St. John’s Day.”



ORD, and what shall this man do ?”  
Ask’st thou, Christian, for thy friend ?  
If his love for Christ be true,  
Christ hath told thee of his end :  
This is he whom God approves,  
This is he whom Jesus loves.  
  
Ask not of him more than this,  
Leave it in his Saviour’s breast,  
Whether, early call’d to bliss,  
He in youth shall find his rest,  
Or armed in his station wait  
Till his Lord be at the gate :  
  
Whether in his lonely course  
(Lonely, not forlorn) he stay,  
Or with Love’s supporting force  
Cheat the toil and cheer the way :  
Leave it all in His high hand,  
Who doth hearts as streams command.

Gales from Heaven, if so He will,  
 Sweeter melodies can wake  
 On the lonely mountain rill  
 Than the meeting waters make.  
 Who hath the Father and the Son,  
 May be left, but not alone.

Sick or healthful, slave or free,  
 Wealthy, or despis'd and poor—  
 What is that to him or thee,  
 So his love to Christ endure?  
 When the shore is won at last,  
 Who will count the billows past?

Only, since our souls will shrink  
 At the touch of natural grief,  
 When our earthly lov'd ones sink,  
 Lend us, Lord, Thy sure relief;  
 Patient hearts, their pain to see,  
 And Thy grace to follow Thee.

*John Keb.*

v.

“Home.”



HOME, Lord, my head doth burn, my  
 is sick,  
 While Thou dost ever, ever stay  
 Thy long deferrings wound me to t  
 quick,

spirit gaspeth night and day.  
O show Thy self to me,  
Or take me up to Thee !

canst Thou stay, considering the pace  
: bloud did make, which Thou didst waste ?  
I behold it trickling down Thy face,  
ever saw thing make such haste.  
O show Thyself to me,  
Or take me up to Thee !

man was lost, Thy pitie lookt about  
see what help in th' earth or skie :  
ere was none ; at least no help without :  
: help did in Thy bosome lie.  
O show Thy self to me,  
Or take me up to Thee !

lay Thy Sonne : and must He leave that nest,  
at hive of sweetnesse, to remove  
lome from those, who would not at a feast  
ve one poore apple for Thy love ?  
O show Thy self to me,  
Or take me up to Thee !

l, He came : O my Redeemer deare,  
er all this canst Thou be strange ?  
ny yeares baptiz'd, and not appear ?  
f Thy love could fail or change.  
O show Thy self to me,  
Or take me up to Thee !

Yet if Thou stayest still, why must I stay?

My God what is this world to me?

This world of wo? hence, all ye clouds, away!

Away; I must get up and see.

O show Thy self to me,

Or take me up to Thee!

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie!

That my free soul may use her wing,

Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,

As an intangled, hamper'd thing.

O show Thy self to me,

Or take me up to Thee!

What have I left, that I should stay and grieve

The most of me to heav'n is fled:

My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone

And for their old acquaintance plead.

O show Thy self to me,

Or take me up to Thee!

*George Herbert*



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## The Infancy of our Lord.

*(The Innocents' Day.)*

Thus saith the Lord ;  
A voice was heard in Ramah,  
Lamentation, and bitter weeping ;  
Rachel weeping for her children  
Refused to be comforted for her children,  
Because they were not.  
Thus saith the Lord ;  
Refrain thy voice from weeping,  
And thine eyes from tears :  
For thy work shall be rewarded,  
Saith the Lord ;  
And they shall come again  
From the land of the enemy.  
And there is hope in thine end,  
Saith the Lord,  
That thy children shall come again  
To their own border.

*Jer. xxxi. 15—17.*



## The Infancy of our Lord

1.

“ Innocents’ Day.”

Song lxxv.

1.

**T**HAT rage whereof the Pſalme do  
 Why are the Gentiles growne  
 Appear’d in part upon that day,  
 When Herod ſlaine the Infant  
 Yet (as it ſaith) they ſtorm’d in vaine ;  
 (Though many Innocents they ſlew)  
 For, Chriſt they purpoſ’d to have ſlaine,  
 Who all their Counſels overthrow.

2.

Thus ſtill vouchſafe Thou to reſtraine  
 All Tyrants, Lord, purſuing Thee ;


Thus let our vast desires be flaine,  
 That Thou maist living in us be :  
 So whilst we shall enjoy our breath,  
 We of Thy love our Songs will frame ;  
 And with those Innocents, our death  
 Shall glorifie Thy name.

3.

In Type those Many di'de for One ;  
 That One for many mor was flaine ;  
 And what they felt in Aet alone,  
 He did in will and Aet sustaine.  
 Lord grant, that what Thou hast decreed  
 In Will and Aet we may fulfil ;  
 And though we reach not to the Deede,  
 From us, oh God, accept the Will.  
*George Wither.*

II.

## “ The Innocents’ Day.”

ITTLE flowers of martyrdom,  
 Whom the ruthless sword hath torn,  
 On the threshold of the morn,  
 Rosebuds by the whirlwind thorn !

All regardless of their doom,  
 'Neath the altar where they lay,  
 With their palm and chaplets gay,  
 Little simple ones they play.



Tyrant, what avails their tomb?  
 He shall 'scape the bloody blade,  
 Which hath many childless made,  
 Infant born of mother-maid.

Thus the type of Him to come,  
 Restorer of lost Israel,  
 Moses 'scaped the tyrant fell,  
 Guarded by the Invisible.

Jesu, born of Virgin's womb,  
 Father, Spirit, One and Three,  
 Sing we glory unto Thee,  
 Sing we everlastingly.

*Isaac Willia*  
 From the

III.

“The Holy Innocents.”



AY, ye celestial guards, who wait  
 In Bethlehem, round the Saviour's  
 gate,  
 Say, who are these on golden wings  
 That hover o'er the new-born King of kings,  
 Their palms and garlands telling plain  
 That they are of the glorious martyr train,  
 Next to yourselves ordain'd to praise  
 His Name, and brighten as on Him they gaze

But where their spoils and trophies ? where  
The glorious dint a martyr's shield should bear ?  
How chance no cheek among them wears  
The deep-worn trace of penitential tears,  
But all is bright and smiling love,  
As if, fresh-borne from Eden's happy grove,  
They had flown here, their King to see,  
Nor ever had been heirs of dark mortality ?

Ask, and some angel will reply,  
" These, like yourselves, were born to sin and die,  
" But ere the poison root was grown,  
" God set His seal, and mark'd them for His own,  
" Baptiz'd in blood for Jesus' sake,  
" Now underneath the Cross their bed they make,  
" Not to be fear'd from that sure rest  
" By frighten'd mother's shriek, or warrior's waving  
    crest."

Mindful of these, the first-fruits sweet  
Borne by the suffering Church her Lord to greet ;  
Bless'd Jesus ever lov'd to trace  
The " innocent brightness" of an infant's face.  
He rais'd them in His holy arms,  
He bless'd them from the world and all its harms :  
Heirs though they were of sin and shame,  
He bless'd them in His own and in His Father's name.

Then as each fond unconscious child  
On th' everlasting Parent sweetly smil'd,

(Like infants sporting on the shore,  
That tremble not at Ocean's boundless roar,)  
Were they not present to Thy thought,  
All souls, that in their cradles Thou hast bough  
But chiefly these, who died for Thee,  
That Thou might'st live for them a sadder death


And next to these, Thy gracious word  
Was as a pledge of benediction, stor'd  
For Christian mothers, while they moan  
Their treasur'd hopes, just born, baptiz'd and  
Oh! joy for Rachel's broken heart!  
She and her babes shall meet no more to part  
So dear to Christ her pious haste  
To trust them in His arms, for ever safe embosom'd

She dares not grudge to leave them there,  
Where to behold them was her heart's first prize  
She dares not grieve—but she must weep,  
As her pale placid martyr sinks to sleep,  
Teaching so well and silently  
How, at the shepherd's call, the lamb should follow  
How happier far than life the end  
Of souls that infant-like beneath their burthen

*John Keats*

## IV.

Rachael weeping for her Children."

 WEEP not o'er thy children's tomb!  
O Rachel, weep not so;  
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,  
The flow'r in heav'n shall blow!


Infants of faith! the murd'rer's knife  
Has miss'd its deadliest aim:  
The God for whom they give their life,  
For them to suffer came!

Though evil were their days and few,  
Baptized in blood and pain,  
He knows them, whom they never knew,  
And they shall live again.

O weep not o'er thy children's tomb;  
O Rachel, weep not so!  
The bud is cropt by martyrdom,  
The flow'r in heav'n shall blow.

*Reginald Heber.*

## V.

 LEST little Martyrs for the newborn God,  
How short, yet happy here was your abode!  
'Twas but a little while since you receiv'd  
Your Being here: and what? so soon re-  
liev'd?

So soon call'd up? and for so good a Cause?  
 (Martyr'd by cruel Herod's bloody laws)  
 Thrice happy you, that were so swift call'd her  
 In lovely and unspotted Innocence.

Such early martyrs we must needs suppose  
 White as the Lily, ruddy as the Rose.  
 Make me, dear Lord, before I come away,  
 As mortify'd, as innocent, as they.

*Ign.*

VI.

### The Holy Innocents.




AIL, you sweet and budding flowers  
 Whom (when you life began to  
 The enemy of Christ devours,  
 As whirlwinds down young Roses  
 First Sacrifice to Christ you went,  
 Of offered Lambs a tender sort,  
 With Palms and Crowns, you, innocent,  
 Before the sacred Altar sport.  
 Glory O Lord, be given to Thee  
 Whom the unspotted Virgin bore;  
 All glory to the Trinitie,  
 From all, both now and ever more.

*Samuel Speed's,*  
 "Prison Pic

## VII.

n the Innocents slain by Herod."

 O blessed Innocents ! and freely powre  
Your Souls forth in a Purple showre.  
And for that little Earth each shall lay  
down

Purchase a Heavenly Crown.

Originall Pollution feare

sins should to your cloudes adhere ;


urs now shed, ere long shall in a Floud

Be wash'd of better Blood.

*Edward Sberburne.*

## VIII.

" The Innocents' Day."

 BETHLEHEM, above all cities blest !  
Th' Incarnate Saviour's earthly rest,  
Where in His manger safe He lay,  
By Angels guarded night and day.

thlehem, of cities most forlorn,

here in the dust sad mothers mourn,

or see the Heavenly glory shed

1 each pale infant's martyr'd head.

is ever thus : who Christ would win,

uft in the school of woe begin ;

id still the nearest to His grace

ow least of their own glorious place.

*John Keble.*

---

## The Circumcision of our Blessed Lor

*(New Year's Day.)*

This is my covenant, which ye shall keep,  
Between me and you and thy seed after thee ;  
Every man child among you  
Shall be circumcised.

*Gen. xvii. 10.*

And when eight days were accomplished  
For the circumcising of the child,  
His name was called Jesus,  
Which was so named of the Angel  
Before he was conceived in the womb.

*St. Luke ii. 21.*

---



# The Infancy of our Lord.

1.

he Circumcision, or New-yeares  
Day.”

Song lxviii.

1.

**H**IS day Thy flesh, oh Christ, did bleed,  
Mark't by the Circumcision knife :  
Because the Law, for mans misdeed,  
Requir'd that Earnest of Thy life.  
: droppes divin'd that showre of blood,  
hich in Thine Agonie beganne :  
that great showre foreshew'd the Flood  
hich from Thy Side the next day ranne.

2.

, through that milder Sacrament,  
ceeding this ; Thy grace inspire ;  
et Thy smart make us repent,  
d circumcized hearts desire.



For, he that either is baptiz'd,  
 Or circumciz'd in flesh alone,  
 Is but as an uncircumciz'd,  
 Or as an unbaptized-one.

3.

The yeare anew we now begin,  
 And outward gifts receiv'd have we  
 Renue us also, Lord, within,  
 And make us New-yeares-gifts for Thee  
 Yea, let us with the passed yeare,  
 Our old affections cast away ;  
 That we new Creatures may appeare,  
 And to redeeme the Time assay.

*George Win*

II.

### “ Upon the Circumcision.”



E flaming Powers, and winged Wa  
 bright,  
 That erst with Musick, and trium  
 song  
 First heard by happy watchful Shepherds ear  
 So sweetly sung your Joy the Clouds along  
 Through the soft silence of the list'ning night  
 Now mourn, and if sad share with us to bea  
 Your fiery essence can distill no tear,  
 Burn in your sighs, and borrow  
 Seas wept from our deep sorrow,

who with all Heav'ns heraldry whilear  
 r'd the world, now bleeds to give us ease;  
 how soon our sin  
 doth begin  
 nfancy to sease!  
 ore exceeding love or law more just?  
 law indeed, but more exceeding love!  
 we, by rightful doom remediles,  
 e lost in death, till He that dwelt above  
 i thron'd in secret blifs, for us frail dust  
 tied His glory, ev'n to nakednes;  
 that great Cov'nant which we still transgress  
 ely satisfi'd,  
 the full wrath beside  
 engeful Justice bore for our excess,  
 seals obedience first with wounding smart  
 day, but O ere long  
 e pangs and strong  
 pierce more near His Heart.

*John Milton.*

III.

' The Circumcision, or New year's  
 Day."



MORROW betide my sins! Must smart so  
 soon  
 Seize on my Saviours tender flesh scarce  
 grown

Unto an eight dayes age?  
Can nothing else affwage  
The wrath of Heaven, but His infant blood:  
Innocent Infant, infinitely good!

Is this Thy welcome to the world, great God!  
No sooner born, but subject to the rod  
Of sinne-incensed wrath?  
Alas! what pleasure hath  
Thy Fathers Justice to begin Thy Passion,  
Almost together with Thine Incarnation?

Is it to antidate Thy death? Indite  
Thy condemnation Himself, and write  
The copy with Thy blood,  
Since nothing is so good?  
Or is't by this experiment to try,  
Whether Thou bee'st born mortall, and canst d

If man must needs draw blood of God, yet wh  
Stayes he not till Thy time be come to dye?  
Did'st Thou thus early bleed  
For us to show what need  
We have to hasten unto Thee as fast,  
And learn that all the time is lost that's past?

'Tis true we should do so. Yet in this blood  
There's something else, that must be understood  
It seales Thy covenant,  
That so we may not want

Witnesse enough against Thee, that Thou art  
Made subject to the Law to act our part.

The sacrament of Thy regeneration  
It cannot be. It gives no intimation  
Of what thou wert, but we.  
Native impuritie,  
Originall corruption, was not Thine,  
But onely as Thy righteoufnesse is mine.

In holy Baptisme this is brought to me,  
As that in Circumcision was to Thee.  
So that Thy losse and pain  
Do prove my joy, and gain.  
Thy Circumcision writ Thy death in blood,  
Baptisme in water seales my livelyhood.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Christopher Harvey.*

IV.

“Circumcision.”



RIGHT days amid this world of woe  
The holy Babe has been ;  
Long named in Heaven, He now must go  
To take that name on Him below—  
Jefus, who faves from fin.

His Mother kept the Angel's word  
Deep in her bosom's store ;

But most, by fear and love unfirred,  
Unconscious of its meaning, heard  
The name the Infant bore.

The traitor sought Him by that name  
When all the murderous crew  
With swords and staves against Him came :  
And on the cross, the place of shame,  
That name was fixed in view.

Yet in His hour of glory, now,  
That precious name is given  
Above all names to deck His brow ;  
And at the name of Jesus, bow  
The powers and thrones of Heaven.

Worthy art Thou o'er us to reign,  
O Christ, for evermore ;  
Thou, who for us didst not disdain  
That sinners should that name profane  
Which Seraphim adore!

*Joseph Anst*

v.

### “ The Circumcision of Christ.



HE year begins with Thee,  
And Thou beginn'ft with woe,  
To let the world of sinners see  
That blood for sin must flow.

Thine infant cries, O Lord,  
Thy tears upon the breast,  
Are not enough—the legal sword  
Must do its stern behest.

Like sacrificial wine  
Pour'd on a victim's head  
Are those few precious drops of Thine,  
Now first to offering led.

They are the pledge and seal  
Of Christ's unswerving faith  
Given to His Sire, our souls to heal,  
Although it cost His death.

They to His church of old,  
To each true Jewish heart,  
In Gospel graces manifold  
Communion blest impart.

Now of thy love we deem  
As of an ocean vast,  
Mounting in tides against the stream  
Of ages gone and past.

Both theirs and ours Thou art,  
As we and they are Thine;  
Kings, Prophets, Patriarchs—all have part  
Along the sacred line.

By blood and water too  
God's mark is set on Thee,

That in Thee every faithful view  
Both covenants might see.

O bond of union, dear  
And strong as is Thy grace!  
Saints, parted by a thousand year,  
May thus in heart embrace.

Is there a mourner true,  
Who fallen on faithless days,  
Sighs for the heart-consoling view  
Of those, Heaven deign'd to praise?

In spirit may'st thou meet  
With faithful Abraham here,  
Whom soon in Eden thou shalt greet  
A nursing Father dear.

Wouldst thou a Poet be?  
And would thy dull heart fain  
Borrow of Israel's minstrelsy  
One high enraptur'd strain?

Come here thy soul to tune,  
Here set thy feeble chant,  
Here, if at all beneath the moon,  
Is holy David's haunt.

Art thou a child of tears,  
Cradled in care and woe?  
And seems it hard, thy vernal years  
Few vernal joys can shew?

fall the sounds of mirth  
l on thy lonely heart,  
all the hopes and charms of earth  
timely call'd to part?

here, and hold thy peace:  
ie Giver of all good  
from the womb takes no release  
om suffering, tears, and blood.

ou wouldst reap in love,  
st sow in holy fear:  
è a winter's morn may prove  
o a bright endless year.

*John Keble.*





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# The Epiphany,

or

## The Manifestation of Christ to the Gen

He hath said, which heard the words of God,  
And knew the knowledge of the Most High,  
Which saw the vision of the Almighty,  
Falling into a trance, but having his eyes open :

“ I shall see him, but not now ;  
“ I shall behold him, but not nigh :  
“ There shall come a Star out of Jacob,  
“ And a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel,  
“ And shall smite the corners of Moab,  
“ And destroy all the children of Sheth.  
“ And Edom shall be a possession,  
“ Seir also shall be a possession for his enemies :  
“ And Israel shall do valiantly.  
“ Out of Jacob shall come he  
“ That shall have dominion,  
“ And shall destroy him that remaineth of the city.’

*Num. xxiv. 16—*

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## The Infancy of our Lord.

1.

'twelve day, or the Epiphanie.'

Song xlix.

1.

**W**HAT so Thy blessed birth, oh Christ,  
Might through the world be spread  
about,  
Thy Starre appeared in the East,  
whereby the Gentiles found Thee out ;  
off'ring Thee Myrrh, Incense, Gold,  
threefold Office did unfold.

2.

Jesus, let that Starre of Thine,  
Grace, which guides to finde out Thee,  
our hearts for ever shine,  
that Thou of us found out maist bee :  
Thou shalt be our King therefore,  
Priest, and Prophet evermore.

3.

Teares that from true repentance drop,  
 Instead of Myrrhe present will wee :  
 For Incense, wee will offer up  
 Our Praiers and Praises unto Thee ;  
 And bring for Gold each pious deed,  
 Which doth from saving-faith proceed.

4.

And as those Wisemen never went,  
 To visit Herod any more :  
 So, finding Thee, we will repent  
 Our courses follow'd heretofore ;  
 And that we homeward may retire,  
 Our way by Thee we will enquire.

*George Wish*

II.

## “ The Epiphany, or Twelfth-Da



REAT, without controversie great,  
 They that do know it will confesse  
 The mysterie of godlinesse,  
 Whereof the Gospel doth intreat.

God in the flesh is manifest,  
 And that, which hath for ever been  
 Invisible, may now be seen,  
 The eternall Deitie new drest.

ngels to shepherds bring the news,  
And wise men guided by a Star  
To seek the Sunne are come from far.  
entiles have got the start of Jews.

he stable and the manger hide  
His glory from His own : but these,  
Though strangers, His resplendent rayes  
f majestic divine have spy'd.

old, frankincense, and myrrhe, they give,  
And worshipping Him plainly show  
That unto Him they all things owe,  
y whose free gift it is they live.

hough clouded in a vaile of flesh,  
The Sunne of Righteousnesse appears,  
Melting cold cares, and frosty fears,  
nd making joyes spring up afresh.

that his light and influence  
Would work effectually in me  
Another new Epiphany,  
xhale, and elevate me hence :

hat, as my calling doth require,  
Star-like I may to others shine,  
And guide them to that Sunne divine,  
'hose daylight never shall expire.

*Christopher Harvey.*

## III.

**B**RIGHT beaming through the sky,  
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from  
high ;


Earth's utmost isles exulted at the  
And crowding nations drank the orient light.  
Lo, star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,  
And bending Magi seek their infant King !  
Mark'd ye, where, hovering o'er His radiant h  
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed ?  
Daughter of Sion ! virgin Queen ! rejoice !  
Clap the glad hand and lift th' exulting voice !  
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,  
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ;  
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar,  
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war :  
Messiah comes !—let furious discord cease ;  
Be peace on earth before the Prince of Peace !  
Disease and anguish feel His blest controul,  
And howling fiends release the tortur'd soul ;  
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illum  
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

*Reginald He*

## IV.

## “Lines

*Suggested by a picture of the Adoration of the  
Magians.”*

ITTLE pomp or earthly state  
On the Saviour's way might wait ;  
Few the homages and small,  
That the guilty Earth at all  
Was permitted to accord  
To her King, and hidden Lord.  
Therefore do we set more store  
On these few, and prize them more :  
Dear to us for this account  
Is the glory of the mount,  
When bright beams of light did spring  
Thro' the sackcloth covering,  
Rays of glory found their way  
Thro' the garment of decay,  
With which, as with a cloak, He had  
His divinest splendour clad :  
Dear the precious ointment shed  
On His feet and on His head ;  
And the high-raised hopes sublime,  
And the triumph of the time,  
When thro' Zion's streets the way  
Of her peaceful Conqueror lay,  
Who, fulfilling ancient fame,  
Meek and with salvation came.

But of all this scanty state  
That upon His steps might wait,  
Dearest are those Magian Kings,  
With their far-brought offerings.  
From what region of the morn  
Are ye come, thus travel-worn,  
With those boxes pearl-embost,  
Caskets rare, and gifts of cost?  
While your swarth attendants wait  
At the stable's outer gate,  
And the camels lift their head  
High above the lowly shed;  
Or are seen a long-drawn train,  
Winding down into the plain,  
From below the light-blue line  
Of the hills in distance fine.  
Dear for your own sake, whence are ye?  
Dearer for the mystery  
That is round you—on what skies  
Gazing, saw you first arise  
Thro' the darkness that clear star,  
Which has marshalled you so far,  
Even unto this strawy tent,  
Dancing up the Orient?  
Shall we name you kings indeed,  
Or is this our idle creed?  
Kings of Seba, with the gold  
And the incense long foretold?  
Would the Gentile world by you  
First-fruits pay of tribute due;

Or have Israel's scattered race,  
From their unknown hiding-place,  
Sent to claim their part and right  
In the Child new-born to-night ?

But although we may not guess  
Of your lineage, not the less  
We the self-same gifts would bring,  
For a spiritual offering.  
May the frankincense, in air  
As it climbs, instruct our prayer,  
That it ever upward tend,  
Ever struggle to ascend,  
Leaving earth, yet ere it go,  
Fragrance rich diffuse below.  
As the myrrh is bitter-sweet,  
So in us may such things meet,  
As unto the mortal taste  
Bitter seeming, yet at last  
Shall to them who try be known  
To have sweetness of their own—  
Tears for sin, which sweeter far  
Than the world's mad laughter are ;  
Desires, that in their dying give  
Pain, but die that we may live.  
And the gold from Araby—  
Fitter symbol who could see  
Of the love, which, thrice refined,  
Love to God and to our kind,  
Duly tendered, He will call



Best pleasing sacrifice of all?

Thus so soon as far apart  
 From the proud world, in our heart,  
 As in stable dark defiled,  
 There is born the Eternal Child,  
 May to Him the Spirit's kings  
 Bear their choicest offerings,  
 May the Affections, Reason, Will,  
 Wait upon Him to fulfil  
 His behests, and early pay  
 Homage to His natal day.


*Rich. C. Tre*

v.

The Star-Song: a Caroll to the King  
 sung at White-Hall.

*The Flourish of Musick: then followed the*

1.

ELL us, thou cleere and heavenly I  
 Where is the Babe but lately sprung  
 Lies He the Lillie-banks among?

2.

Or say, if this new Birth of ours  
 Sleeps, laid within some Ark of Flowers,  
 Spangled with dew-light; thou canst cleare  
 All doubts, and manifest the where.

## 3.

Declare to us, bright Star, if we shall seek  
Him in the Mornings blushing cheek,  
Or search the beds of Spices through,  
To find Him out?

## STAR.

No, this ye need not do ;  
But only come, and see Him rest  
A Princely Babe in's Mothers Brest.

## CHORUS.

He's seen, He's seen, why then a Round,  
Let's kisse the sweet and holy ground ;  
And all rejoyce, that we have found  
A King, before conception crown'd.

## 4.

Come then, come then, and let us bring  
Unto our prettie Twelfth-Tide King,  
Each one his severall offering.


\* \* \* \* \*

*Robert Herrick.*

## Conclusion.

I.

“ Amazement at the Incarnation  
God.”

 O spread the azure Canopie of Hea  
And make it twinkle with those sp  
Gold,  
To stay this weightie masse of Earth  
That it should all, and nought should it up-he  
To give strange motions to the Planets seven,  
Or Iove to make so meeke, or Mars so bold,  
To temper what is moist, drie, hote, and cold  
Of all their Iarres that sweete accords are give  
Lord, to Thy Wisedome nought is, nor Thy M  
But that Thou shouldst (Thy Glorie laid aside  
Come meanelie in mortalitie to bide,  
And die for those deserv'd eternallie plight,  
A Wonder is so farre above our wit,  
That Angels stand amaz'd to muse on it.

*William Drumm.*

## II.

## “ Peace.”

**M**Y foul, there is a Countrie  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a winged Sentic  
All skilfull in the wars.

There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,  
And one born in a Manger  
Commands the Beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious friend  
And (O my Soul awake !)  
Did in pure love descend,  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There growes the flowre of peace,  
The Rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortresse, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges ;  
For none can thee secure,  
But One, who never changes,  
Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure.

*Henry Vaughan.*

## III.

## “Sonnet LXVIII.”



HAT bounteous largesse of sweet merc  
 oyle,  
 That peace of soule, that silver strea  
 of grace,  
 That comfort of saluation, that pallace  
 Of heavenly succour, which death cannot spoyle  
 That fortitude, whose force no force can foyle;  
 Of Jesse's precious braunch, that royall race  
 Who with His glory filleth every place,  
 And with sweete dewes doth cherish every soyle  
 Can with no florish of eternall phraze  
 Be glorifide, according to defart :—  
 Who with meete colours shall His glory blaze ?  
 Who to the world shall condigne praise impart ?  
 What instrument, what voyce, what tounge, w  
 spirite  
 Shall give due commendations to demerite ?\*

*Barnabe Barne*

---

\* demerite—"desert, merit, deserving."—  
 See Dr. Richardson's English Dictio

## IV.

## “ A Wreath.”

**W**REATHED garland of deserved praise,  
Of praise deserved, unto Thee I give,  
I give to Thee, who knowest all my wayes,  
My crooked winding wayes, wherein I  
live,

ein I die, not live : for life is straight,  
aight as a line, and ever tends to Thee,  
'hee, who art more farre above deceit,  
en deceit seems above simplicitie.  
me simplicitie, that I may live,  
live and like, that I may know Thy wayes,  
r them and practise them : then shall I give  
r this poore wreath, give Thee a crown of praise.

*George Herbert.*







**Descriptive Pieces,**  
ON SUBJECTS ASSOCIATED WITH  
**Christmas Tyde.**



**“ Song.”**

Under the greenwood tree,  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither ;  
Here shall he see  
No enemy,  
But winter and rough weather.

*William Shakespeare.*





.





I.

“ Song.”

I.

**W**LOW, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude ;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 : thou art not seen,  
 ough thy breath be rude.  
 ho ! sing heigh, ho ! unto the green holly :  
 iendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :  
 heigh ho ! the holly !  
 fe is most jolly.

2.


freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 oft not bite so nigh  
 enefits forgot :  
 n thou the waters warp,  
 ng is not so sharp  
 riend remember'd not.

Heigh, ho ! sing, heigh, ho ! unto the green hol  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere fo  
 Then, heigh ho ! the holly !  
 This life is most jolly.

*William Shakespear*

II.

“ Written on the first of December  
 1793.”

HOUGH now no more the musing  
 Delights to listen to the breeze,  
 That lingers o'er the green-wood fl  
 I love thee, Winter ! well.

Sweet are the harmonies of Spring,  
 Sweet is the Summer's evening gale,  
 And sweet the Autumnal winds that shake  
 The many-colour'd grove.

And pleasant to the sober'd soul  
 The silence of the wintry scene,  
 When Nature shrouds herself, entranced  
 In deep tranquillity.

Not undelightful now to roam  
 The wild heath sparkling on the sight;  
 Not undelightful now to pace  
 The forest's ample rounds,

And see the spangled branches shine,  
And mark the moss of many a hue  
That varies the old tree's brown bark,

Or o'er the grey stone spreads.

And mark the cluster'd berries bright  
Amid the holly's gay green leaves ;  
The ivy round the leafless oak  
That clasps its foliage close.

So Virtue, diffident of strength,  
Clings to Religion's firmer aid,  
And by Religion's aid upheld,  
Endures calamity.

Nor void of beauties now the spring,  
Whose waters hid from summer-sun  
Have soothed the thirsty pilgrim's ear  
With more than melody.

The green moss shines with icy glare ;  
The long grass bends its spear-like form ;  
And lovely is the silvery scene  
When faint the sun-beams smile.

Reflection too may love the hour  
When Nature, hid in Winter's grave,  
No more expands the bursting bud,  
Or bids the flowret bloom,

For Nature soon in Spring's best charms,  
Shall rise revived from Winter's grave,  
Expand the bursting bud again,  
And bid the flower re-bloom.

*Robert Southey.*

## III.

## “ Winter.”



HERE'S not a flower upon the hill,  
There's not a leaf upon the tree ;  
The summer-bird hath left its bough  
Bright child of sunshine, finging now  
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

There's silence in the harvest-field ;  
And blackness in the mountain-glen,  
And cloud that will not pass away  
From the hill-tops for many a day ;  
And stillness round the homes of men.

The old tree hath an older look ;  
The lonesome place is yet more dreary ;  
They go not now, the young and old,  
Slow wandering on by wood and wold ;  
The air is damp, the winds are cold ;  
And summer-paths are wet and weary.

The drooping year is in the wane,  
No longer floats the thistle-down ;  
The crimson heath is wan and fere ;  
The sedge hangs withering by the mere,  
And the broad fern is rent and brown.

The owl sits huddling by himself,  
The cold has pierced his body thorough ;  
The patient cattle hang their head ;  
The deer are 'neath their winter-shed ;  
The ruddy squirrel's in his bed,  
And each small thing within its burrow.

In rich men's halls the fire is piled,  
And ermine robes keep out the weather ;  
In poor men's huts the fire is low,  
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,  
And old and young are cold together.

Oh poverty is disconsolate !—  
Its pains are many, its foes are strong :  
The rich man in his jovial cheer,  
Wishes 'twas winter through the year ;  
The poor man 'mid his wants profound,  
With all his little children round,  
Prays God that winter be not long !

One silent night hath passed, and lo !  
How beautiful the earth is now !  
All aspect of decay is gone,  
The hills have put their vesture on,  
And clothed is the forest bough.

Say not 'tis an unlovely time !  
Turn to the wide, white waste thy view ;  
Turn to the silent hills that rise  
In their cold beauty to the skies ;  
And to those skies intensely blue.

Silent, not sad, the scene appeareth ;  
And fancy, like a vagrant breeze,  
Ready a-wing for flight, doth go  
To the cold northern land of snow,  
Beyond the icy Orcades.

The land of ice, the land of snow,  
The land that hath no summer-flowers,  
Where never living creature stood ;  
The wild, dim, polar solitude :  
How different from this land of ours !

Walk now among the forest trees,—  
Said'st thou that they were stripped and bare  
Each heavy bough is bending down  
With snowy leaves and flowers—the crown  
Which Winter regally doth wear.

'Tis well—thy summer-garden ne'er  
Was lovelier with its birds and flowers,  
Than is this silent place of snow,  
With feathery branches drooping low,  
Wreathing around thee shadowy bowers !  
*Mary Howitt.*

## IV.

## “ The Winter Evening.”



WINTER, ruler of the inverted year,  
 Thy scatter'd hair with fleet like ashes fill'd,  
 Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy  
 cheeks

d with a beard made white with other snows  
 those of age, thy forehead wrapp'd in clouds,  
 thy branch thy sceptre, and thy throne  
 on car, indebted to no wheels,  
 led by storms along its slippery way,  
 thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,  
 readed as thou art ! Thou hold'st the sun  
 longer in the yet undawning east,  
 prolonging his journey between morn and noon,  
 hurrying him, impatient of his stay,  
 to the rosy west ; but kindly still  
 compensating his loss with added hours  
 of social converse and instructive ease,  
 gathering, at short notice, in one group  
 the family dispersed, and fixing thought,  
 thus dispersed by daylight and its cares.  
 Even thee king of intimate delights,  
 the enjoyments, homeborn happiness,  
 all the comforts that the lowly roof  
 disturb'd Retirement, and the hours  
 of uninterrupted evening know.

*William Cowper.*



v.

## Christmas Eve in the Olden Time.



H EAP on more wood !—The wind is chill ;  
 But let it whistle as it will,  
 We'll keep our Christmas merry still.  
 Each age has deem'd the new-born year  
 The fittest time for festal cheer.

. . . . .

And well our Christian fires of old  
 Loved when the year its course had roll'd,  
 And brought blithe Christmas back again,  
 With all his hospitable train.  
 Domestic and religious rite  
 Gave honour to the holy night :  
 On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;  
 On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;  
 That only night, in all the year,  
 Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.  
 The damsel donn'd her kirtle sheen ;  
 The hall was dress'd with holy green ;  
 Forth to the wood did merry-men go,  
 To gather in the mistletoe.  
 Then open'd wide the Baron's hall  
 To vassal, tenant, serf and all ;  
 Power laid his rod of rule aside,  
 And Ceremony doff'd her pride.  
 The heir, with roses in his shoes,  
 That night might village partner chuse ;

ord, underogating, share  
ulgar game of "poft and pair."  
il'd, with uncontroll'd delight,  
eneral voice, the happy night,  
o the cottage, as the crown,  
ht tidings of falvation down.

re, with well-dried logs fupplied,  
roaring up the chimney wide ;  
uge hall-table's oaken face,  
o'd till it fhone, the day to grace,  
hen upon its mafive board  
arks to part the fquire and lord.  
was brought in the lufty brawn,  
blue-coated ferving man ;  
the grim boar's head frown'd on high,  
d with bays and rofemary.  
an the green-garb'd ranger tell,  
when, and where, the monfter fell ;  
dogs before his death he tore,  
ll the baiting of the boar.  
affel round, in good brown bowls,  
h'd with ribbons, blithely trowls.  
the huge firloin reek'd ; hard by  
-porridge ftood, and Chriftmas pye ;  
il'd old Scotland to produce,  
h high tide, her favoury goofe.  
came the merry mafquers in,  
rols roar'd with blithesome din ;  
elodious was the fong,  
a hearty note, and ftrong.

Who lifts may in their mumming see  
 Traces of ancient mystery ;  
 White shirts supplied the masquerade,  
 And smutted cheeks the visors made ;  
 But O! what masquers, richly dight,  
 Can boast of bosoms half so light!  
 England was merry England, when  
 Old Christmas brought his sports again.  
 'Twas Christmas broach'd the mightiest ale,  
 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale ;  
 A Christmas gambol oft could cheer  
 The poor man's heart through half the year.

*Walter S.*

VI.

“ On the Close of the Year 18

**D**UNEDIN, thy skirts are unhallow  
 lone,  
 And dark are the rocks that encir  
 throne !

The dwelling of beings unbodied is there—  
 There are spirits abroad, let the traveller bew

The year on the brink of eternity hung,  
 The clock had rung long, and the watchman ha  
 And just when the murmurs of midnight gre  
 A symphony broke from the shelve of the hill  
 It was not by man, for no mortal was there,  
 There are spirits abroad, let the traveller bew  
 They sung of the year that was passing away,  
 And the stars hid their blushes in curtain of

*Dirge.*


art gone, thou art gone, with thy sceptre of dread!  
 thy brands of destruction, and wains of the dead!  
 thy rolls and thy registers, bloated with woe,  
 hy millions of souls to the mansions below.  
 : fall of thy bier shall Time's sepulchre sigh,  
 y winding-sheet all the lone dwellings shall dye!  
 ell o'er the shoreless abyfs mayft thou shiver—  
 , down to the centre, for ever and ever!

trains were at midnight heard floating in air,  
 are fpirits abroad, let the traveller beware!

*James Hogg.*

## VII.

## The Death of the Old Year."

ULL knee-deep lies the winter fnow,  
 And the winter winds are wearily  
 fighting:  
 Toll ye the Church-bell fad and flow,  
 read foftly and fpeak low,  
 the old year lies a-dying.  
 Old year, you muft not die;  
 'ou came to us fo readily,  
 'ou lived with us fo fteadily,  
 Old year, you fhall not die.

th ftill: he doth not move:  
 will not fee the dawn of day.

He hath no other life above.

He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,

And the New-year will take 'em away.

Old year, you must not go ;

So long as you have been with us,

Such joy as you have seen with us,

Old year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim ;

A jollier year we shall not see.

But though his eyes are waxing dim,

And though his foes speak ill of him,

He was a friend to me.

Old year, you shall not die ;

We did so laugh and cry with you,

I've half a mind to die with you,

Old year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,

But all his merry quips are o'er.

To see him die, across the waste

His son and heir doth ride post-haste,

But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.

The night is starry and cold, my friend,

And the New-year blithe and bold, my friend,

Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes ! over the snow

I heard just now the crowing cock.

The shadows flicker to and fro :  
 The cricket chirps : the light burns low :  
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands, before you die.  
 Old year, we'll dearly rue for you :  
 What is it we can do for you ?  
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.  
 Alack ! our friend is gone.  
 Close up his eyes : tie up his chin :  
 Lest from the corpse, and let him in  
 That standeth there alone,  
 And waiteth at the door.  
 There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,  
 And a new face at the door, my friend,  
 A new face at the door.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

VIII.

Written on the first of January 1794."



COME, melancholy Moralizer, come !  
 Gather with me the dark and wintry  
 wreath ;  
 With me engarland now  
 The Sepulchre of Time !

Come, Moralizer, to the funeral song !  
 Pour the Dirge of the Departed Days ;  
 For well the funeral song  
 Befits this solemn hour.

But hark ! even now the merry bells ring round  
With clamorous joy to welcome in this day,  
This consecrated day,  
To Mirth and Indolence.

Mortal ! whilst Fortune with benignant hand,  
Fills to the brim thy cup of happiness,  
Whilst her unclouded sun  
Illumes thy summer day,

Canst thou rejoice,—rejoice that Time flies fast  
That night shall shadow soon thy summer-sun ?  
That swift the stream of Years  
Rolls to Eternity ?

If thou hast wealth to gratify each wish,  
If power be thine, remember what thou art !  
Remember thou art Man,  
And Death thine heritage ;

Hast thou known Love ! doth Beauty's better f  
Cheer thy fond heart with no capricious smile,  
Her eye all eloquence,  
All harmony her voice ?

Oh state of happiness !—hark ! how the gale  
Moans deep and hollow o'er the leafless grove !  
Winter is dark and cold ;  
Where now the charms of Spring !

Sayst thou that Fancy paints the future scene  
In hues too sombrous ? that the dark-stoled Mai

With stern and frowning front  
Appals the shuddering soul?

And wouldst thou bid me court her fairy form,  
When, as she sports her in some happier mood,  
Her many-coloured robes  
Float varying in the sun?

Ah! vainly does the Pilgrim, whose long road  
Leads o'er the barren mountain's storm-vext height,  
With anxious gaze survey  
The quiet vale, far off.

Oh there are those who love the penfive song,  
To whom all sounds of Mirth are dissonant!  
They at this solemn hour  
Will love to contemplate!

For hopeless Sorrow hails the lapse of Time,  
Rejoicing when the fading orb of day  
Is sunk again in night,  
That one day more is gone.

And he who bears Affliction's heavy load  
With patient piety, well pleased he knows  
The World a pilgrimage,  
The grave the inn of rest.

*Robert Southey.*



## IX.

## “Dirge for the Year.”



DRPHAN hours, the year is dead,  
Come and figh, come and weep !  
Merry hours smile instead,  
For the year is but asleep.

See, it smiles as it is sleeping,  
Mocking your untimely weeping.

As an earthquake rocks a corse  
In its coffin in the clay,  
So White Winter, that rough nurse,  
Rocks the death-cold year to-day ;  
Solemn hours ! wait aloud  
For your mother in her shroud.

As the wild air stirs and sways  
The tree-sprung cradle of a child,  
So the breath of these rude days  
Rocks the year :—be calm and mild,  
Trembling hours, she will arise  
With new love within her eyes.


January grey is here,  
Like a sexton by her grave ;  
February bears the bier,  
March with grief doth howl and rave  
And April weeps—but, O, ye hours,  
Follow with May's fairest flowers.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

January 1st, 1821.

x.

## “New Year’s Day.”

HILE the bald trees stretch forth their  
long lank arms,  
Andstarving birds peck nigh the reeky  
farms :

houfeless cattle paw the yellow field,  
ughing shiver in the pervious bield,  
ought more gladfome in the hedge is seen,  
the dark holly’s grimly gliftening green—  
th a time, the ancient year goes by  
in its parents in eternity—  
th a time the merry year is born,  
he bright berry from the naked thorn.

bells ring out ; the hoary steeple rocks—  
! the long story of a score of clocks ;  
once a year, the village clocks agree,  
clocks unite to found the hour of glee—  
every cottage has a light awake,  
ial stars long flicker o’er the lake.  
noon on high, if any moon be there,  
peep, or wink, no mortal now will care,  
is the season, when the nights are long,  
’s time, e’er morn, for each to sing his song.

year departs, a bleffing on its head,  
mourne not for it, for it is not dead :

Dead? What is that? A word to joy unknown,  
Which love abhors, and faith will never own.  
A word, whose meaning sense could never find,  
That has no truth in matter, nor in mind.  
The passing breezes gone as soon as felt,  
The flakes of snow that in the soft air melt,  
The wave that whitening curls its frothy crest,  
And falls to sleep upon its mother's breast.  
The smile that sinks into a maiden's eye,  
They come, they go, they change, they do not die.  
So the Old Year—that fond and formal name,  
Is with us yet, another and the same.

And are the thoughts, that ever more are fleeing,  
The moments that make up our being's being,  
The silent workings of unconscious love,  
Or the dull hate which clings and will not move,  
In the dark caverns of the gloomy heart,  
The fancies wild and horrible, which start  
Like loathsome reptiles from their crackling holes,  
From foul, neglected corners of our souls,  
Are these less vital than the wave or wind,  
Or snow that melts and leaves no trace behind?  
Oh! let them perish all, or pass away,  
And let our spirits feel a New-Year's day.

A New-Year's day—'tis but a term of art,  
An arbitrary line upon the chart  
Of Time's unbounded sea—fond fancy's creature,  
To reason alien, and unknown to nature.

—'tis a joyful day, a day of hope!  
d, merry dancer, like an Antelope ;  
as that lovely creature, far from man,  
ns through the spicy groves of Hindostan,  
through the labyrinth of the mazy dance,  
foot as nimble, and as keen a glance—

we, whom many New-year's days have told  
sober truth, that we are growing old—  
his one night—aye—and for many more,  
be as jocund as we were of yore,  
hearts can make December blithe as May,  
in each morrow find a New-Year's day.

*Hartley Coleridge.*





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